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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 213
BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC FUTURE 216
SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS SACRED TRUST. . . 217
THE EDUCATED CANTAB. By L. F. Salzman . 218
THE PROBLEM OF TITHE. By S. L. B. . . 219
THE MOUTHPIECE OF BRITAIN. By MacFlecknoe 220
CORRESPONDENCE 221
From W. Rees Jeffreys; J. M. Keynes; R. Bridgeman; Lt.-Col. C. L. Malone, M.P.; F. MacDermot; Gilbert T. Sadler; C. Q. Henriques; E. E. H. Wileman; Prof. J. H. Muirhead; Dr. Harry Roberts; Rev. P. D. Ellis; Giacinta Salvadori; Sylvia N. Colenso. . . . . .
THE ENIGMA. By Viola Meynell 223
THE OLD PLAYHOUSE FIDDLERS. *Page*
By W. J. Lawrence 225
THE MIDNIGHT MOTORISTS. By Richard Church. 226
PLAYS AND PICTURES. 226
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne . . 227
REVIEWS:
George Moore in England. By Peter Quennell . 228
Lyautey. By Raymond Mortimer . . . 228
Adventurers 229
This Surprising World 230
Confessions 232
SHORTER NOTICES 232
ABOUT MOTORING 234
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 236
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 238

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MINISTERS have worked like niggers this week, and their labours, though the fruits of them are not yet known, have encouraged the country to keep its head. If there has been a tendency to fly from the pound, it has not been a stampede, but rather a sneaking away. Naturally, there is acute anxiety on the part both of those who fear increased taxation and of those who are alarmed for the social services. The Government made it clear last week-end that their plan, though it might include "drastic economies," would be based on a more equal distribution of sacrifices than the May Report advocated. On Wednesday the full Cabinet assembled and sat for nearly twelve hours over the proposals of the Committee of Five. The next step, which is being taken as we write, is the communication of the Government's proposals to the Conservative and Liberal leaders, and to the Consultative Committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. Though there is no reason to expect intransigence on either side, there will probably be some battling on one point and another.

* * *

If the plan should include a revenue tariff, which has been under serious discussion by the Cabinet, then the battle might well be of a stiff kind. It is no secret that a number of the Trade Union leaders would welcome a tariff, and a great many more would accept it as a better alternative to big cuts in the social services. The Government themselves cannot contemplate big cuts in the social services; that would mean cutting their own political throats. But what of the strait sect of Liberal Free Traders, who protest equally against any increase of direct taxation, the suspension of the Sinking Fund, and any tampering with our sacred monetary policy? The raising of the income tax or the extracting of more from the holders of fixed interest securities present obvious difficulties; but such measures can hardly be expected to shock Socialists. The Sinking Fund could be suspended without doing a ha'porth of damage to the country. And surely we need not wait till the Greek Kalends for a Conversion Loan. One possible way of effecting it is suggested on our City page this week, which might commend itself to those who are concerned to save the capitalist system. It is, at any rate, preposterous to ask the Labour Party, the Trade Unionists, and the working-classes in general, to put themselves out to save a system which tantalises them with goods that they cannot get at—at the cost of a lowered standard of life and of the abandonment of the very principles for which they exist. Some economies they will have perforce to agree to. But these must not be on vital services, and they must be fully and fairly balanced by other—and sounder and more lucrative—devices for avoiding a deficit.

* * *

There have been repeated hitches this week over the terms on which the bankers are to continue their

short-term credits to Germany; and, while on most points some sort of agreement has now been reached, the arrangements made are of the most temporary kind. All that has been accomplished so far is to tide over the danger of an immediate crisis; the solid work of creating a stable basis for the future has still to be done. This is as true of Reparations as of short term bank credits. The dispute with the French over the guarantee fund in connection with the unconditional annuities has only been postponed, and the French Finance Minister has been declaring this week the irreconcilable opposition of his country to any revision of the existing settlements that will cost France a single penny of the sums promised her for repairing war damage. She is prepared to let Germany off to the extent to which America and Great Britain let her off payment of debt interest, but not a franc more. Altogether, the international financial outlook remains very unpromising despite the staving off of a crisis for the present. Yet every thinking man knows that, unless there is to be renewed war or revolution, a far-reaching revision of existing international debts is quite indispensable.

* * *

There could be no surprise, in England or in India, at Mr. Gandhi's decision not to attend the Round Table Conference. All his subsequent words and actions have made one thing at least perfectly clear—namely, that his attendance as the single representative in London of a large and now distracted Indian party, such as the National Congress, would have been an impossible arrangement. The letters exchanged between the Viceroy and the Mahatma concerning alleged breaches of the Irwin pact make as striking a disclosure as we have had since the beginning of the present crisis, and certainly Lord Willingdon's Government has no reason to regret that the facts of the Bandoli no-rent campaign and other troubles created by civil disobedience should be fully before the public. Since the printing of this correspondence Mr. Gandhi has come out with a further long series of grievances in which, as usual with him, matters trivial and otherwise are mixed up to the confusion of an important issue. It is significant that Mr. Gandhi's recent behaviour has had a very bad press in India. There can be no doubt the Irwin policy has disposed a large body of opinion in favour of the resumed Round Table, and that widespread resentment is the deserved reward of those Congress extremists who have gone far to wreck the Conference in advance. It should be noted that the many efforts towards bringing the Gandhists in were latterly doomed to failure, by the Mahatma's insistence upon the Congress being treated as sole intermediary between the Government and the Indian people.

* * *

The wild occurrences of the week on the Ulster border have a more ominous appearance than anything that has happened in Ireland since the end of the civil war. Mr. De Valera and his lieutenants are once more ready for anything that may help in the overthrow of President Cosgrave, and presumably the greater part of the disturbances in County Armagh and elsewhere are to be explained by their bearing upon the renewed Republican attack on the Free State Government. Mr. De Valera is again engaged in the manufacture of martyrs; the more of his Republicans that are thrown into jail the greater, he assumes, are his chances in the election. But the railway outrages at Richhill and the extreme tension at Portadown are sufficient to prove that the De Valera tactics south of the border may be carried a great deal too far. The Orange temper has not been materially changed by ten years of Ulster separatism. The veterans of Carson's army are sniffing the wind. Their arms have been retained, and the Ulster Government seems to have resorted to the dangerous precaution, since the beginning of the present trouble, of serving out ammunition. Mr. De Valera is a nuisance and in due time, no doubt, the Free State will settle its account with him. But if the more responsible element in Belfast is not able to cope with the survivals of Carsonism, the outlook for Northern Ireland is indeed deplorable.

* * *

The draft of the new Spanish Constitution is now before the Cortes. It provides for a unitary State, with a considerable measure of regional autonomy. This, we think, is the right line, for even if the federal idea is good in itself, a "United States of Spain" can only be a dream at the present stage. But there may be some difficulty in satisfying the Catalans; Barcelona would like more than Madrid is disposed to give. As for the Andalusians, they will, we fear, have to be content with an Andalusia that does not include Gibraltar—whose "friendly return" they are asking us for. The national legislature is to consist of one chamber only. The President of the Republic is to be elected for six years by popular vote, and is subject to a certain control by the Cortes, which by a two-thirds majority may demand his resignation and put the question to a referendum. This is, of course, designed as a safeguard against attempts at a dictatorship. The separation of Church and State naturally bulks large; not only is disestablishment proposed, but the dissolution of the religious Orders and the nationalisation of their properties. The general character of the constitution may be called Radical—with the door pretty wide open for Socialism. Large schemes of agrarian reform are contemplated, which point to a gradual nationalisation of the land—and the same policy may be applied in other spheres where the public interest demands it. Warm debate is expected on many clauses; but it does not seem likely that the Cortes will make any fundamental changes in the draft.

* * *

The Government of China is now in the field with a Ten Year Plan of economic development, including big schemes of railway construction and a large increase in the area of land under cultivation. Undoubtedly, if internal peace can be secured by the authorities at Nankin, the time is ripe for China's industrial development. Indeed, stable government is hardly possible until the means of transport have been greatly improved. What is not so clear is how China hopes to raise the money for these ambitious schemes. Russia has managed her Five Year Plan almost without borrowing from abroad; but this has involved big sacrifices by her people and, what is most important of all, Russia is not nearly so densely populated as

China, and it is far easier for her—though it is hard enough even so—to create an export surplus and to develop constructional work at some cost to the immediate standard of living. If, on the other hand, China proposes to finance her plan by overseas borrowing, that possibility depends on the guarantees of political stability she is able to offer. There is plenty of capital in America that can and should be lent. But will the Americans lend it? We hope they will; for it is important for the world that the standard of life in the Far East should rise. But will they?

* * *

Mr. Hoover remains firm in his twofold resolve to avoid the summoning of Congress in special session and to treat unemployment relief as a matter of private charity with which the Federal Government has no concern. It will be interesting to see how long the President can stand his ground in the face of appeals from State Governors, cries of anguish from bankrupt local bodies, and threats from party managers driven frantic by a fast-spreading revolt in the regular Republican ranks. The more cautious estimates of unemployment in the United States give six millions as the figure; Senator Borah declares that the total may reach twelve millions by next winter. All the local relief organisations are coming to the end of their resources. The community chests in the cities have long been exhausted. The directors of the American Red Cross are being forced to realise that the whole of their immense reserves may have to be made available for the city and county authorities which hitherto throughout the country have carried at least 80 per cent. of the relief. Mr. Hoover persists in regarding himself as the champion of "rugged individualism," and the likelihood is that he will be found clinging to his formulæ until the election campaign of next year, by which time the more advanced industrial States will be far on the road to unemployment insurance.

* * *

The strike—or lock-out—in the London furniture trade is not in itself a matter of very great importance, in comparison with really big industrial disputes. But it is an incident in the campaign of attrition by which wages in one trade after another are being surely, though very slowly, reduced. The employers attribute their attitude in repudiating the policy of wage stabilisation to the competition in the British market of goods made abroad by cheap labour, just as the exporting trades complain of similar competition in markets overseas. Meanwhile, employers abroad are also cutting wages in order to maintain their exports and protect their home markets against foreign dumping. If some countries do this, it is nearly impossible for their competitors not to follow suit; no other economy in the costs of production can be made so quickly as a cut in wages. Nevertheless, the total effect of the policy of wage-cutting, formed on an international scale, is disastrous because of its effects in restricting the market for finished consumers' goods. What is needed is an international convention against wage-reductions. Not an easy thing to arrange; but that is all the more reason for setting to work on the preliminaries at once. Will not the British Government take the initiative in bringing the matter before the I.L.O. on a question of urgency?

* * *

The stoppage of the *Sunday News*, without even a hint to the staff, is a miserable last act to the tragedy of the *Daily Chronicle* last year. *Lloyd's Weekly News* was a Victorian institution in Fleet Street. It was a family journal free from the discreditable features of the later Sunday press, and it was the first newspaper in England to reach the million mark. When Mr. Frank Lloyd sold out of the *Daily Chronicle* properties, he stipulated that the family name should, after a short interval, be dropped from the title of the Sunday paper, and the purchasers agreed, oblivious of the simple fact that a well-established name is a valuable asset in journalism as in retail trade. The mass of readers did not connect the *Sunday News* with its famous original, and in any case the last proprietors of the paper could do nothing against the competition of the powers which can employ all the costly stunt artists and offer prizes without limit.

* * *

A depressing cricket season reached its climax this week with a Test Match washed out by rain, and a game between Yorkshire and Middlesex which gave Yorkshire the county championship without either side finishing an innings. Sutcliffe, indeed, celebrated the occasion, such as it was, with his fifteenth Test century; and everyone will agree that Yorkshire deserves the championship it has won. But the season has been a poor one, even apart from the weather; and England's Test team of the future is still very much in the making. None of the younger batsmen who have been tried in Test cricket has done much to distinguish himself; and, with the exception of Verity, not much new has come to light in bowling talent. Doubtless a season like this hardly gives the young cricketer a chance, and we can reasonably blame a great deal on the weather. We also can congratulate ourselves that the game is being played in a more light-hearted and sportsmanlike spirit than for some time past, and that, if giants are few, the general standard of play is high and counties more evenly matched than they have been in recent years. If the sun will but shine on the game next year, there is no reason to despair of cricket either as a sport or a spectacle.

* * *

The visit of the Zeppelin has made a bright little spot in the gloom of the English summer holiday season. She left Friedrichshafen at seven on Tuesday morning and, after caracoling over London, fetched up at Hanworth at seven in the evening, where she had a warm welcome from a frenzied crowd (numbering 10,000 according to the *Daily Express* and 60,000 on the more exuberant estimate of the *Daily Herald*) as well as from the official nabobs. The entirely friendly interest in the achievements of Dr. Eckener and his airship is a happy sign of forgotten enmities and suspicions—and a sign too, perhaps, of a friendly rivalry to come in the development of civil aviation. Some of the more go-ahead organs of our popular press are already talking of the imminence of the "aerial charabanc," offering safe thrills for tourists and convenience for business men. This, for the moment, seems to be what Aristotle called an "improbable possibility." And the same must be said, we fear, of the remark attributed by a newspaper representative to one of the Zeppelin passengers as they passed over Brighton. "Donnerwetter," this gentleman—a 'fat Saxon manufacturer from Leipzig'—is alleged to have cried, "this is where I come next summer. It is sehr elegant." Tut!

BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC FUTURE

WE have made up our minds that the Budget will be balanced. But beyond and apart from that, we have to make up our minds to face a bad winter. In the United States, where, more than anywhere else, the world's economic fortunes are now disposed of, no sensible person anticipates an early recovery, and a large addition to the already swollen ranks of the unemployed is confidently expected. Despite the exhortations of Mr. Hoover, American big business, which has already curtailed earnings very heavily, is now getting busy on the reduction of wage-rates, if on nothing else. Our own unemployed figures have touched a new record, and even France is prepared to admit a fall in the volume of employment by at least six and a half per cent. since last year. A writer in the *Economist* estimates the number unemployed in France to-day at well over a million. Our own exports have fallen off so heavily that it is hardly consoling to remember that Germany and the United States have in general been worse hit by the depression than we. Commodity prices are still falling and stocks of primary products still piling up apace. In fact, the one thing perfectly clear is that the end of the world depression is not in sight.

True, there are compensations. We are buying our imports of foodstuffs and materials more cheaply than ever, both in money and in terms of the manufactured goods which we export in exchange—so cheaply, indeed, that the visible adverse balance of trade is less than it has been for a very long time, in spite of our loss of exports. If this were not the case, our immediate difficulties would be far greater than they are; for the fall in import prices alone enables us to keep up our standard of living as a country without running into debt on the balance of international transactions.

But this advantage in the terms of trade, useful as it is for the moment, is cold comfort for anyone who reflects about the future. For it is only because of the intensity of the world-depression that we are able to buy our imports so cheaply; and their very cheapness is among the principal causes of unemployment, in that it reduces heavily the quantities of our manufactures that other countries can afford to buy. As a nation, we are living on the world's misfortunes. And we cannot afford to go on doing this, unless we want the world economic system to collapse completely. For at this rate, a general repudiation of debts is drawing very speedily near, and the security of our overseas investments will soon not be worth much.

There is, moreover, a fear not only that the depression may last some years yet, but also that even its passing may not remove our difficulties. For there is really no prospect that a revival of world demand will put back our older export trades to the position which they used to hold. Take coal, iron and steel, cotton and wool—our four largest exporting industries. World revival will help them a great deal, no doubt; but can they hope to get back even the volume of exports they had before the slump without carrying through in each case a drastic process of reorganisation? This process will involve considerable reductions in labour costs, by means of a large-scale displacement of labour through increased mechanisation. Their capacity to employ labour will be no greater, even if it is not less, after reorganisation than it is to-day; and their products, even if they sell more of them, will probably buy in the aggregate no more imports when the prices of primary products have returned to a reasonable relation to those of manufactured goods.

These facts are really beyond dispute, and they indicate that the economic problem Great Britain has to face goes far deeper than any revival of the older exporting industries. If we are to maintain our standard of life, we must either develop new export trades, producing goods for which world demand is more elastic than for our cottons and woollens, our coal, or our steel, or we must reduce our dependence on imports by producing more of the things we need for our own domestic consumption. Or, of course, we may do both these things.

There is much to be said for the optimistic view that they can both be done, if we set promptly about our preparations. For, unless the world's economic system smashes, the slump will end some day, and the tendency which was in operation up to 1929 is then likely to recur. This tendency is for the world demand for imports to grow rapidly, but to become far more diversified as the standard of living improves, and as more countries come to be self-sufficient in the simpler forms of supply. For example, world trade in the more easily produced sorts of woollen goods is tending to decline, as more and more countries take to making their own. The same conditions apply to certain sorts of metal manufactures, and to some other textiles. But this does not involve a declining total of world trade. It means rather that the greatest opportunities in world trade will come to those countries which are promptest and most efficient in establishing new types of production designed to meet new needs.

In this promising field Great Britain ought to be at a considerable advantage. She has a diversified home market, with a relatively high standard of life, so that her manufacturers can get experience at home in making the sorts of things the world will need more of as its standards rise. She has the most skilled workers in the world. And she has valuable preferences and prerogatives not only in Empire markets, but over a large part of the earth. Her chance of expanding her export trade depends even more on developing new exports than on regaining those she has lost. She cannot afford, of course, to neglect reorganisation in the older trades; but equally she cannot afford to omit to create new ones in such spheres as motor manufacture, electrical engineering, artificial silk making, and the supply of a host of specialised products which are demanded wherever the incomes of working-class households rise even a little above the poverty line.

We have been remiss in attending to these possibilities. But we cannot afford to defer attention to them until the slump is over, if we wish to be first in the field. Even, however, if we make up our minds to tackle this problem seriously, we are not thereby exempt from the necessity of doing all we can, by economic means, to check the growth of our dependence on imports. But it is nonsense to suggest that our real

need is to stop imports of manufactured goods; for the amount of really finished goods we import is still remarkably small. It is our bill for foodstuffs that tends to grow fastest and will leap up most if and when the prices of primary products recover to a more natural level. Wheat, of course, is in this connection of minor importance. What matters is increased home production of meat (and especially bacon and ham), dairy produce, fruit (canned as well as fresh), vegetables, poultry and eggs and other produce of intensive agriculture in which the British agriculturist should, with proper organisation, enjoy both a marketing and a quality advantage. Dr. Addison's recent measures are first steps towards the using of our opportunities; but it remains to see how boldly they will be applied.

If we advance with reasonable courage along both these lines, there is no reason for pessimism about Britain's economic future. But the "if" is a big if; and at the best we shall have to face world adversity, and inelastic or shrinking world markets, for some time to come. The great need, at the moment, is that we should not, in meeting a temporary emergency, lose our heads, and try to overcome our difficulties by reducing our standard of life in an endeavour to dump unwanted exports of the old kinds on the world market. For to do that will merely accentuate wage-cutting and depression abroad, and so ruin our chance of building up new exports—a chance which depends above all on a rising world standard of life.

We can use the period of adversity for a scientific reshaping of our economic system. We need, if not a Five Years Plan, at any rate a centrally controlled attempt to readjust industry and agriculture to the changing needs both of the British consumer and of the world market, with less exclusive concentration on the old staple industries and far more attention to the development of those which have a real capacity for expansion. Economy *à la* Sir George May will not help much; for it means doing nothing positive. Panic will certainly not help us, nor is there any need for it, if we are prepared to use our brains. But are we? Or are vested interests and crusted individualism too strong for us? That is the still unanswered question on which our future depends.

SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS SACRED TRUST

JOHANNESBURG.

THE Native Africans before the Joint Committee on East Africa have spoken in England and revealed, in the words of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, an "Articulate Africa." Meantime in the older South Africa the fight now developing for the recognition of such opinion is peculiarly difficult. In the Union, thanks to mission schools and to long contact with Europeans, there is a far larger class of articulate, educated natives capable of speaking on what concerns them; but even well-disposed South Africans, so long used to giving orders, are genuinely unable to see that Native opinion matters. A good many more, unwilling to admit the inevitable, are bent on "safeguarding" white interests at any cost. Ministers themselves are either too preoccupied to know or show that they do not want to know and hear what Natives are thinking. Lack of a sense of responsibility and co-operation amongst Natives—partly due to long years of repression and to inexperience—and the internal dissensions of such bodies as the African Congress, a rather distracted political organisation, and the I.C.U., a Trade Union with two if not three rival branches, strengthen the assumption that since Natives obviously do not know what they want they must put up with what is given them—or not given. Neither is there any chief, or body of chiefs, in a position to speak for the Natives of South Africa as a whole. The result is a sense almost of frustration on the part of the Natives, and a feeling among their leaders that, if the Government were deliberately bent on provoking antagonism, they could hardly do other than they have been doing.

There has lately been a long series of shocks. By an Act of 1920 the Smuts Government instituted an annual conference with selected Native chiefs and leaders. But in 1926, the first year of General Hertzog's Native Bills, this body roundly condemned the whole series of them out of hand, and the Conference, which is called at the sole discretion of the Government, appeared to die. In the course of last year the Minister was shamed at last into protesting (as he did without further committing himself) that the Conference had not, as was alleged, been abandoned. So, with barely three weeks' notice, a Conference was summoned to meet in Pretoria on December 9th, 1930, with a slender agenda of the Government's framing, with no time or material to prepare for adequate discussion of the Government's long promised "new Native policy," and little even for the petty irritations of ordinary Native administration.

Some four years ago the Prime Minister's Native Bills were sent to a large Select Committee, which includes of course a few Cape members with some Native constituents, and which has been reappointed each session, and continued to sit as a Commission behind closed doors through the recess. Recently it has once more reported vague and unspecified "progress," especially with the *pièce de résistance*, the measure for emasculating the Cape Native franchise, and asked leave to continue to sit, at last presumably to present the country, and the Natives, with a *fait accompli*, an "agreed" policy—agreed, that is, so far as the dominant Europeans are concerned.

Meantime an Economic Commission has been sitting for a year, in public this time, to take evidence affecting more especially urban conditions and the flight of Natives from "Reserves" and farms to the towns. But though the remedy of Native grievances is admittedly overdue, the deliberations of the Commission with those of the Select Committee are one more plausible excuse for deferring all remedial legislation, however necessary. Even this consideration did not prevent the Government from introducing, though mercifully it may have shamed them into delaying, a Service Contract Bill blatantly designed to improve the farmers' "control" over Native servants. Another ominous decision, therefore, seems to justify the jibe of a critic that so far as the Economic Commission's Report is concerned, "its pigeon-hole is already prepared!" Early in the Session it was announced that to save a matter of £50,000 the Government had regretfully decided to abandon plans for the taking of the census due this year "so far as Natives were concerned"—and this while the Economic Commission gropes in the dark after the facts, e.g., about Native migration, which only a census can supply. An efficient census might indeed rather drown the cry, which served so well at the last election, that since the blacks are increasing so fast as to threaten to "swamp white civilisation" by sheer weight of numbers, measures must be taken to safeguard white domination!

The belief that such safeguarding is the real aim is strongly reinforced by certain rather sinister political developments. The European electorate has been raised at a blow from something under 400,000 to probably well over 800,000, subsequent steps presently ensuring that the purely Native vote in the Cape should remain at the present total of about

16,000. Doubling the white vote in perhaps a dozen constituencies where at present the Native vote is calculated to exclude the Nationalist by a matter of only one or two hundreds might be thought triumph enough. But there was an anomaly. It was obviously unjust that, while Europeans in the Free State and Transvaal enjoy adult suffrage, their fellows in the Cape, "poor whites" to wit, should have to pass a property and education test. In the Session just ended, therefore, to make doubly sure, this trifle has been adjusted. Henceforth Europeans in the Cape, male and female, will escape the test designed originally for Natives. But for both coloured men and for pure Natives—though years ago the Prime Minister himself declared that the coloured people at least were part of us, and exempt from "segregation," political or other—the test will remain. Finally, a provision has been slipped into an electoral Act requiring would-be registered voters (coloured or Native obviously) to appear in court *in person* to answer objections to their educational qualifications. It is open, therefore, for party agents, who will not be slow to take the chance, to send in whole lists of objections compelling coloured voters to come any distance, sacrificing probably several days' pay, on pain of losing their votes altogether.

Meantime Ministers seem deliberately to blind themselves to the way in which, above all, their administrative indiscretions are at once crystallising Native opinion and inflaming what already exists to the point of real danger. Where so few Natives are in fact in sight of qualifying for the vote, subtle schemes for rigging the electorate might pass with little notice. But the colour bar on the mines and the now well-established policy of meeting white unemployment by giving preference to "civilised" labour on the railways and in public works are creating a new and incalculable amount of Native unemployment, which is ignored as if it were no concern of the Government. Worst of all, however, are the pass laws, repeatedly condemned by experienced officials as at once irritating and ineffective, feeble as a protection and means of identification, and useless as a curb on really lawless Natives, who easily provide themselves with all the forged passes they require. Young, raw and inexperienced lads are the first victims, haled off in thousands, at considerable expense, to learn crime and vice in prison. But all Natives alike are sufferers, being subjected to unconscionable delays, waiting on the convenience of employers or of pass-issuing officials; even educated individuals are liable, with the herd, to be stopped at sight by tactless policemen and required to show exemption papers, or failing such, employment passes or "specials" (after curfew), or tax receipts, or all or any of these. Not long ago, nor for the first time, the responsible Minister admitted that reform was contemplated, adding, however, that he could not move in advance of (white) opinion on the matter. On top of this admission he had the temerity, or folly, in the last weeks of the session to sponsor a Native Taxation Bill which empowered the pass-hunting police to demand, at sight, tax receipts for no fewer than five years at a time—tax defaulting being a criminal offence. Only a vigorous protest from the Opposition induced him to allow the receipt for any one year to excuse those for earlier years.

Worse has followed. Looking for bread Natives have indeed been given a stone. For years there has been uneasiness at the influx of women and girls in to the still predominantly masculine urban areas, and demands for more effective "control." About 1925 an attempt was made, amid bitter Native outcry, to subject women, who have hitherto been exempt, to the curfew regulations. The Supreme Court, however, intervened on a technicality and the women escaped the inquisition of the police whom, rightly or wrongly, the Natives intensely distrust. Meantime one of many amending Acts has remedied a former omission, and on May 22nd a new curfew regulation appeared in an obscure page of the Government *Gazette*. And now, with the shortest of notice, since June 1st the hated "pass" law, so far from being "reformed," has been extended to Native women found on the streets of the Rand after 10 p.m. The beginning, let alone the end, of the indignation felt by the bewildered Natives has not yet begun to manifest itself. The latest news suggests that this blow has fallen, not by intent so much as by sheer administrative incompetence, such being the deference paid by the Union Government to the writing on the wall of the newly "Articulate Africa." M.

THE EDUCATED CANTAB

THE authorities of the University of Cambridge have recently discovered, to their surprise and grief, that it is possible for men to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts without doing much work. They are not particularly perturbed, it would appear, that the title of B.A. should sometimes indicate a dangerously little learning, but they have become obsessed with the modern fallacy that work is a good thing in itself. Actually, occupation is an admirable thing, and leisure is an admirable thing, but work is merely a necessary evil, an unavoidable means to a desirable end. Anyhow, in their alarm, they appointed a syndicate to consider what should be done about the ordinary degree. For the benefit of readers who obtained their education at Oxford, Borstal, or elsewhere, I may explain that degrees at Cambridge are of two qualities—the Honours degree, obtained by passing two Tripos examinations, involving intensive study of a special branch of learning; and the Ordinary, necessitating examinations in three Principal Subjects, and regular attendance at three "Subsidiaries," which are courses of lectures on subjects of general interest, ranging from "Polar Exploration" to "The History of the Drama" or "Freshwater Fishes."

After due deliberation the syndicate reported that: "Any degree course necessarily has one of two primary objects: it is designed either to train the candidate to think, or to impart useful knowledge." The two are apparently incompatible; and certainly the information imparted in some Tripos lectures can hardly, under any definition, be regarded as useful. The syndicate "have no doubt that the ideal system at the University is to train men to think, and accordingly that Triposes afford the best education for all men who are capable of taking advantage of them." But there is a large residue of men who, it seems, cannot be taught to think. If so, one might expect a more ruthless body to suggest to them that they were not required at the University and had better get them into Parliament, or journalism, or wherever else they please. But the kindly syndicate fall back upon the second object of a degree course, "to impart useful information"—which was also, I remember, the object of "The Child's Guide to Knowledge"—and decide that "these men will benefit most if their course aims at the acquisition of information which an educated person ought to possess."

Here, at last, we are on the road to discover what I have always wanted to know, which is: What constitutes the truly educated man? (The educated woman remains elusive, for women students can all be trained to think—at least, they all have to read for Honours.) The course which is to produce the educated, if unthinking, citizen is based mainly on a General Examination, in two parts. This includes eight papers—translation from two modern languages, or translation and composition in one, with an alternative of portions of Greek Gospels and Epistles. In passing, it may be remarked that classical Greek and Latin count as modern languages at Cambridge; but Hittite, Sumerian and hieroglyphic Egyptian are still, I believe, considered to be ancient. The Greek Testament is, of course, a concession to those who wish to be educated clergy, as no one imagines that it is really useful information. Next, English History,

1815–1918; European History, 1870 to the present day; Economic History "mainly of the nineteenth century." Finally, Everyday Science, and Geography.

So the educated person should know something of at least one foreign language. Good! But isn't it a little odd that he should not be expected to know anything about his own? Is it really more important that he should be able to get the approximate sense out of a French newspaper than that he should have read a certain number of English books that are worth reading? Commercially, it may be, but educationally? Anyhow, he has got Everyday Science at his disposal, so, if he knows nothing of Shakespeare, he may at least understand the musical glasses. Which suggests that some people consider Music and Art are essentials of education. But these would, undoubtedly, be difficult subjects to impart satisfactorily, and one should no more expect a University to tackle thorny questions of teaching than a Government to deal with difficult problems of administration. After all, the educated person will have the solace of Geography. It must be delightful to know what is the capital of Latvia; I have often wished I knew. And to be able to remark, casually but confidently, that the island of Tobago exports tapioca and sago—if it does. But I have a shrinking suspicion that modern Geography is more concerned with things like isotherms and isobars and depressions from Iceland, which leave me cold. There remains History. Yes, I suppose the educated person ought to know lots about the history of Europe since 1870. But I wonder why they chose that date? Possibly so as to cut out the Franco-Prussian War, the Union of Italy, and everything that could possibly be considered too exciting for the student. For I'm blest if I can think of anything between 1870 and 1900 that I would give two hoots to chat about (and I am not forgetting the Congress of Berlin).

This suggested scheme for the mass production of educated persons has naturally evoked some criticism. But everybody connected with the teaching circle seems quite determined on the one point that the "Subsidiaries" must be abolished. Which is odd. For they are almost the only courses of lectures in the University which deal with subjects which are discussed in casual conversation by persons whom I have been wont to consider educated.

Upon reflection, I do not think, after all, that I have discovered a satisfactory definition of the educated man.

L. F. SALZMAN.

THE PROBLEM OF TITHE

IT was inevitable that so soon as trouble assumed serious proportions in the grain-growing areas of England, tithe would be challenged, for the conditions under which it is raised press with extraordinary severity upon two classes of men who were forced to purchase their land after the war, or who became their own landlords on the strength of the ill-starred Corn Production Act. The owner-farmer who still grows corn and the owner-farmer whose fields were used for corn growing in 1836 are both badly hit. But we should do well to remember that hard cases make bad law, and that tithe is a first charge upon land.

We all know the origins of tithe and the various Biblical injunctions to be found in Leviticus 27, Numbers 18, Deuteronomy 14 and 26, and even Malachi 3, but few people realise how the tithe question has been handled in this country and how payment is divided. There are three types of tithe to be found in East Anglia, where the trouble is most acute: the ecclesiastical, the rectorial (which is sometimes ecclesiastical, as, for example, when the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's receive a tithe collected by Queen Anne's Bounty), and the impropriate—this last a tithe granted by the ruler to a subject for services rendered and not, I think, given after the reign of William III. In all probability the creation of tithe was arranged, in many instances, by those pious lords of the manor who opened up waste lands, built churches, and endowed them. For the conduct of tithe in London a constitution was set up by Niger, Bishop of London, in the reign of King Richard II. He arranged the figure on the basis of ½d. for every Sunday in the year and ½d. for each Apostle's Day "whereof the eve needed fasting." Then Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, a resourceful man, discovered 22 more saints whose "eves needed fasting"—and the citizens of London revolted.

To-day lay tithe amounts to over £1,000,000 a year at par value, while the ecclesiastical tithe rent charge collected by the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty amounts to £2,200,000, of which nearly £100,000 is for sinking fund.

In 1836, following a survey made by commissioners, the tithe was commuted, and instead of the clergy taking the tenth sheaf, the tenth horse, the tenth sheep, the tenth calf, and so on, a rate was fixed, based on the clear average value of the tithes for the preceding seven years. The rate varied as between woodland, grassland, arable, hop fields, and orchards. It would rise from a few shillings and upwards per acre on corn-growing land to £1 an acre on hops and fruit. On grass it was as low as 1s. 6d., and on woodlands it might be even less. In 1925, following many and sudden fluctuations in corn prices consequent upon the war, tithe was stabilised at £105 per cent., to which £4 10s. per cent. was added in the case of ecclesiastical tithe rent charge for redemption. This arrangement, though representing an actual loss of revenue to the Church, has pressed so hardly upon owner-farmers holding land which is, or was, down to corn, that there have been meetings of protest in the chief arable areas of Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Norfolk. Active resistance to the collection of tithe is everywhere manifest, and sales following distraint have been rendered ineffective by preconcerted action on the part of neighbours who have refused to bid more than a shilling or two for any part of a neighbour's live and dead stock. The law is being made ridiculous. At the time of writing, Dr. Addison, Minister for Agriculture, departing a little from an earlier and reasonable "non possumus" attitude, has promised to arrange a meeting between tithe owners and tithe payers to see if some basis for friendly action can be found. But it is clear that the injustice to the man who owns the land he farms is not due to tithe, but to the calamitous fall in prices. The Minister for Agriculture has been careful to emphasise this salient truth.

To-day, England for all tithe purposes may be divided into three parts. In certain parishes tithe is no longer paid, because the owners received land in satisfaction at the time of the Inclosure Acts. In some the fields were chiefly pasture at the time of the Commutation Act of 1836, and there are parishes where, although the area was mainly arable at the time of the commutation, much of it has now gone down to grass. It is well to remember in considering this serious aspect of the problem that, since 1925, nearly a million acres of corn-land have been laid down or allowed to fall down in this fashion. The result is that while about one-third of the land of this country is tithe free, and another third is charged at a low rate, the rest of England is suffering very severely, and some agriculturists are actually paying on produce that can no longer be raised. In 1836, the legislature, while arranging for the commutation of tithe, took three factors into consideration, the quantity of cereals grown, the wages paid, and the prices received. To-day, after a hundred years, the quantity of corn raised in this country has fallen by 50 per cent., the price is not two-thirds of what it was, and wages have gone up more than 400 per cent. The system adopted under the Tithe Commutation Act was apparently to find the average annual sum realised by titheable crops on arable land, to allow two shillings in the pound as the gross value of the tithe, and to deduct something for collection, sale, and marketing. This being done, the net value of the tithe was apportioned over the corn-growing area, but

not always on a fixed principle; it was often a matter of friendly arrangement.

Farmer-owners complain that considering quantity alone, the tithe on land that is, or was, arable, is twice as much as it should be. They say, too, that with wages at the present level, the allowance for clearing, preparing for sale and marketing is only £7 per cent. where it should be £30 per cent., and that on the factor of price, tithe is £30 per cent. too high. The figures presented by the National Tithe Payers' Association suggest that where a tithe apportionment of 7s. 6d. per acre on produce valued at £10 was correct in 1836, the proper figure would be no more than 1s. 1d. to-day. The old Biblical tenth has been exceeded to a disastrous extent, but we should remember that the word "tithe" is misleading, and has been misleading since the Commutation Act of 1836.

So far as the writer is able to observe, there is no sign in East Anglia of any hostility towards the clergy. Many of the men who are fighting hardest against the tithe are churchgoers, pledged by upbringing and political convictions to support the Church as they support the State, but they point out that the Commutation Act of 1836 never contemplated the three developments that have changed the situation. These are the repeal of the Corn Laws, the reduction of prices through free imports, and the very considerable rise in the wages of the rural labourer. To-day there are many owner-farmers under summons for arrears of tithe who are utterly unable to meet the charges. They have no money. On the other hand, we have to remember that tithe, which became an owner's liability forty years ago, was long based on a seven years' average. In 1918 that average was £109. From 1919 to 1923 inclusive, the yearly averages were £124, £141, £162, £172, £172. In 1926, when the seven-year average was £147 and the fifteen year average £132, the tithe owners accepted £109, while in 1927, when the seven and fifteen years' average was £133, the tithe owners accepted £105, of which £5 went for rates while £4 10s. was added for redemption. Even to-day, the seven-year average is slightly more than the tithe levied, i.e., £105.

The National Tithe Payers' Association, which has a Tithe Remission Bill before the House of Commons, suggests the insertion of a remission clause, taking the annual value of the land as a basis. It holds that the true value of tithe may be computed with reasonable accuracy by reference to such an annual value, and that the proper equivalent for tithe in kind is 2s. in the pound on that value. To make an all-embracing settlement the Association would be prepared to consider the extension of this charge to land that is not strictly titheable, an absurd suggestion enough. The Association emphasises a clause in the Bill stating that "where in proceedings for the recovery of tithe rent charge it is shown to the Court that the total amount payable in pursuance of the Tithe Act exceeds 3s. in the pound of the annual value of the land charged therewith, the Courts shall not order the recovery of any greater sum than would be due if the total annual amount so payable were equal to 3s. in the pound of the annual value of such land, and the excess shall be remitted." All these suggestions amount in effect to repudiation of a liability that has never been hidden from the purchaser of land.

During the past few weeks I have been travelling through the arable areas of Essex and East Angli and have seen thousands of acres that were down to corn and flourishing when the Tithe Commutation Act was passed. They are under grass to-day, and on good grasslands, in favourable weather conditions, may have yielded, in exceptional cases, as much as 2 tons of hay per acre, though the national average is much less—round about 30 cwt. The expense of cutting, making, stacking, etc., may be set down at a pound per acre. Add anything from 10s. to 15s. per acre for rent, or interest on capital, and another 5s. to 10s. for overhead charges, and you get something between £1 15s. and £2 per acre for your costs. If the hay is of the first class and has been well made in fine weather, it is worth to-day about a pound a ton in the stack. If it has been rained on, or has stayed out too long, it is practically unsaleable because there is a glut. When to these inevitable charges, which practically remove profit, the owner-farmer must add a tithe rent charge of 6s. or 7s., or even more per acre, merely because in 1836 this grassland was down to corn, it is easy to see that he is faced with the prospect of a definite, considerable, and unjustifiable loss on every acre. He cannot make a profit and though his deficit may vary, it will be inevitable.

But it is not the tithe that takes the part of the last straw on the camel's back. The farmer's own obsolete marketing methods, the wheat-market manipulators to whom President Hoover has referred, our own gangs of unscrupulous middlemen who have taken the place of highwaymen of old time, these are the farmer's enemies. He cannot reach them, but he thinks he can reach the tithe owner.

Parsons are patient, kindly folk. As a class they deprecate legal action for the recovery of tithe, but they have to live, so proceedings are taken and orders are made and disregarded, and distraints are levied and rendered ineffective, and the position has become chaotic. Finally, we must remember that when tithes were established for the benefit of the clergy, agriculture was the main industry of these islands, and the agriculturist was the only man who could afford to support the Church. To-day the position is altogether different. It may be the Act of 1925 should be repealed, and some measure that takes account of the realities of the situation substituted for it. A return to the seven years' average would help—in a little while. At present the farmer-owner, perilous though his plight may be, is not overcharged for tithe. He is paying what is due on the seven years 1924–1930 inclusive, and herein lies the logical answer to the present-day agitation.

S. L. B.

THE MOUTHPIECE OF BRITAIN

Mr. Winston Churchill has asked the B.B.C. for an opportunity of "stating the British side of the cause" with regard to India.

I SAW, in vision, the Congress meet;
I heard the trampling of countless feet;
For it seemed to me that the British race
Had come *en masse* to the trysting place;
And I heard them, as with one voice, proclaim
That the pledges given in Britain's name
Must be duly honoured; for there they'd stay
With a resolute will to find a way
(Tories and Labour for once agreed,
And those who cling to the Liberal creed),
Till the obstacles vanished one by one
And India owned that the work was done.

But through that cry from a million throats
I heard, though faintly, the harsher notes
Of a voice that babbled of doubts and fears
To a tiny handful of backwoods peers;
Of the treacherous bargains Irwin made;
Of vested int'rests, and faith betrayed,
Of Gandhi's programme of fire and sword;
Of British blood in a torrent poured;
Of the Empire's doom that was surely written,
Unless men heeded the voice of Britain.

Yet the British people, I grieve to say,
In their muddle-headed, phlegmatic way,
Just shrugged their shoulders, while Winston still
Expounded (*solus*) the people's will,
And smiled a little behind their hand;
Then settled down to the work they'd planned.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

SOUND AND FALSE ECONOMY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Report of the Economy Committee is a lop-sided document. The Committee is not to be blamed for that. They were bound by their terms of reference which were exceedingly narrow. Their job was to suggest cuts in public expenditure. They did so without making much distinction between productive and unproductive outlays, or analysing the ultimate consequences of their cuts.

Your editorial of August 8th and Mr. Keynes's article of August 15th do something to correct the balance. May I be permitted to add a word respecting the Road Fund in the establishment and early administration of which I had some part?

The Road Fund as proposed originally by Mr. Lloyd George was thoroughly sound, but it never has had a fair chance. It has met from the first official Treasury hostility and has been administered by politicians and bureaucrats. In a recent letter to the *Times* Col. Wilfrid Ashley made this quite clear.

Many years ago Sir Edgar Harper pointed out that—

> The Road Fund is not fed by taxation in the strict sense. It provides machinery by which the owners of motor vehicles in combination and under State guidance are enabled to spend money on roads for their mutual benefit.

Road Traffic has paid the piper, but never has been permitted to call the tune. If the Road Fund had been administered by road and traffic experts with a single eye to traffic requirements, instead of by politicians with many interests to serve, no occasions would have been given for the Economy Committee's criticism of "grandiose schemes" or for public comment on "luxury works." From the very first the motor tax-payer has not had a fair deal. Large slices of his special taxation have been diverted by needy Chancellors, and of the sum remaining not all has been spent to the best advantage.

Wise road expenditure is not only productive, but in so far as it is financed out of the Road Fund, it is paid for by those who want and use roads and not by the general tax-payer. The abolition of the Road Fund is of very doubtful wisdom. There is much more to be said for transferring its administration to a Commission free from both political and Treasury control.—Yours, etc.,

W. REES JEFFREYS.

The Roads Improvement Association,
180, Clapham Road, S.W.9.
August 18th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I correct a misprint, which may have puzzled some of your readers, in the article of mine which you published last week? I gave a list of various sums of money which, added up, must be equal to the net reduction of the Government deficit. Referring to them by the numbers against them, this could be expressed as (2) + (3) + (4) − (5) − (6) = (7); but in this, as printed, a reference to (1) also slipped in at the beginning of the equation, which, as it did not refer back to any sum of money, had not only no place but no meaning in that context, and should have been deleted from the proof.—Yours, etc.,

J. M. KEYNES.

THE MEERUT CONSPIRACY CASE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The working-class movement in all countries, but especially in India and in Britain, will be interested to read the article from "a correspondent in India" about the Meerut Conspiracy Case, published in your issue of August 8th.

Your correspondent, however, well-informed as he is, omitted to mention two very important features of this, the most important State Trial ever held in India, viz.: (1) that it is exceedingly difficult in this trial which is taking place in the Sessions Court at Meerut to distinguish the role of the Executive, which is the Prosecution, from the rôle of the Judiciary, which is appointed by the Executive. (2) The huge sums of money expended by the Prosecution in connection with the proceedings against the prisoners. The fee of the Crown Counsel alone is 1,000 rupees a day, in addition to all expenses, and soon after the arrests took place in March, 1929, the Indian Press announced that the Government had provided £750,000 to defray the expenses of the proceedings, although the Secretary of State for India, when questioned on this subject in the House of Commons, appeared to be without information on this important point.

In addition to this the Government of India, which is the Prosecution in the trial, has interfered with funds which have been sent to India for the purpose of assisting the defence, while your correspondent points out that by choosing Meerut, where there are no facilities for a jury trial, the Government of India deliberately increased the difficulties of the defence.

The report of the Whitley Commission on Indian Labour has revealed a very shocking state of affairs in so far as wages and general working conditions in India are concerned. It is clearly in the interest of workers in every country that these bad conditions should be changed, and the organisation of the Indian workers and peasants themselves is the most direct method of protecting them against exploitation, and of improving the general conditions. The Meerut prisoners, Indians and Englishmen, were engaged in this indispensable task when the Government of India cut short their valuable work by arresting the lot in one night, and keeping them in confinement ever since. Justice and working-class protection and progress demand the immediate release of the Meerut prisoners.—Yours, etc.,

R. BRIDGEMAN.
Hon. Sec.

League Against Imperialism,
23, Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1.

POLAND AND THE UKRAINIANS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has on more than one occasion drawn attention to the extremely unsatisfactory situation of the Ukrainians under Polish rule in Eastern Galicia and the hesitant manner in which the League of Nations has dealt with this tremendously important problem.

In view of the fact that the question, postponed from the May meeting of the Council of the League, will be discussed during the forthcoming Session of the Council in September, we should perhaps do well to remember that Great Britain, as one of the countries represented at the Conference of Ambassadors of 1923, which handed the Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia over to their ancient foes the Poles, has surely some responsibility for seeing that Poland carries out her part of the bargain, and does not simply ignore it.

On March 23rd, 1923, in answer to questions by Sir John Simon, the then Prime Minister (Mr. Bonar Law) stated in the House of Commons that Eastern Galicia had been assigned to Poland, subject to certain conditions, and that those conditions were that Poland "*has recognised that the ethnographical conditions make autonomy necessary in that region.*" And in reply to a later question he gave the same answer in justification of the disposal of some four million people to alien rule.

Eight years have elapsed. Poland has taken no steps whatever to grant autonomy to the Ukrainians. On the contrary, there has been a continual denial of their rights as a Minority, flaming up into the frightfulness of last autumn's "Pacification," which for once attracted the attention of Europe, and continuing now in the bullying and harrying of Ukrainian members of the Sejm, the Ukrainian peasants and their Church by the Polish Government.

How long is this to continue? The historian of the Paris Peace Conference wrote, at the time when the fate of Eastern Galicia was being settled: "A new Ireland has been set up in the heart of Europe—with what consequences no man may know." Cannot the League Council be impressed by the urgent need to face up to this very dangerous situation now, at the coming Session, and not to shelve it and shelve it, until this problem in the heart of Europe overwhelms Europe?—Yours, etc.

CECIL L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

August 10th.

GERMANY GIVES US ANOTHER CHANCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest that the worst service one could do to Europe would be to press for new discussions or a new international document about the guilt of the war? It is quite

possible to disapprove of the confession forced on Germany at Versailles and yet object to a reopening of the subject. There are many Germanophils who feel that at least seventy-five per cent. of the blame for the war must be borne by the German and Austrian Governments of July 1914. It is everybody's interest to avoid a bitter controversy on the matter.—Yours, etc.,

Le Touquet, F. MACDERMOT.
August 16th.

SURPLUS WHEAT AND COTTON

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your suggestion to send surplus wheat to China is splendid. I, yesterday, was proposing to some friends here that the surplus *cotton* of U.S.A. might go to the Chinese, who have lost their homes and all in them. The *Times* the other day gave the estimate of 50,000,000 people bereft of their all. We surely must have a Mansion House Fund here, in spite of our present financial troubles. As one born in China, and whose father was a missionary in Amoy for 45 years, I heartily endorse your suggestion.—Yours, etc.

Fielden House, GILBERT T. SADLER.
West Didsbury, Manchester.

THE KVUZOT COLONIES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The charming essay of Mr. Oliver Simon on the "Kvuzot" colonies in Palestine is misleading in one respect. It draws a not inaccurate general picture of Jewish Colony life and *mutatis mutandis* applies it to these communal settlements; but it is important to remember that the "Kvuzot" are only a very small proportion of the whole. About 300,000 acres of land in Palestine is in Jewish hands, and of this only some 20,000 to 25,000 acres are settled as "Kvuzot."

I feel sure that the other Jewish agriculturists, labourers, tenants and farmers will not appreciate the cultural and scientific qualities, generally possessed by the Jewish agriculturists, being exclusively claimed for the inhabitants of the "Kvuzot," neither is the Hora their monopoly. Also, unfortunately, that "uneasy feeling" of certain of the government officials is not confined to this or any other particular section of the Jewish population.

The "Kvuzot" have formed a very valuable training ground. Their immediate future depends on each one establishing an economic status, independent of the Jewish Agency, which will enable every member of the community to live a life at least as comfortable and free as that of their brethren working on a basis of private ownership.

I have spent more than half of the last six years in Palestine and have been in constant touch with Jewish effort in that country, both professionally and otherwise, and hesitate to prophesy that the "Kvuzot" have come to stay on a scale commensurate to the effort which has been spent on their founding and upkeep.

I join issue with Mr. Simon over his statement that a training in, at least India, unfits an official to deal with his intellectual equals; the real complaint is that some of the local government servants have had no training at all except what they have been able to pick up in Palestine since the war; here there were no traditions to fall back upon, the problems are intensely difficult, and appear to have been beyond the capacity of some of them to understand.—Yours, etc.

CYRIL Q. HENRIQUES, M.I.C.E.
East India United Service Club, Indian P.W.D. (ret.)
S.W.1.

EMIGRATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read with interest your article and the letters on the "Dead End of Emigration." Though in agreement with the main facts stated, I must differ from some of the conclusions drawn from the results of post-war, discreditable, myopic handling of complex economic and psychological problems by both Government and Voluntary Agencies. It is a blessing in disguise that the general, vast wheat slump has turned on the searchlight and put a stop to proceedings, boomerang in character, which have produced chaos and widespread disasters.

The pretext of supplying inexperienced, helplessly ignorant, urban ex-industrial workers from Britain as seasonal unskilled labour for the busy farming and harvesting seasons in the Dominions provided the opportunity of bullying and intimidation by Labour Exchange officials—unwarrantable pressure brought to bear by voluntary agencies of all kinds to squeeze unemployed persons out of the country, reduce unemployment figures, regardless of consequences to the unfortunate human victim, the humiliation of undeserved experiences, unjustifiable hardships and poverty.

The peak of indictment of discreditable, incompetent post-war proceedings is reached this year, with its monthly high record of continuous deportations. Three weeks ago one ship alone brought back 128 deported persons. Now the Canadian Government is considering arrangements with shipping companies to pay the fares of 15,000 deported migrants before the advent of winter. The Conference of Australian Premiers is debating arrangements for meeting the cost of deporting 20,000 migrants.

Exposure of conditions is necessary as the prelude to correction and development of fool-proof plans, having equal regard for the welfare and prosperity of the human element as for the economic potentialities of the future.

Evil consequences are not confined to the Dominions. The returned migrants regard themselves as deliberately duped and stung, and filled with sullen resentment, distrust and bitterness, against agencies and individuals responsible for pressure and coercion, in forcing emigration—they are now naturally magnifying difficulties, hardships, common to new undeveloped countries; vast potentialities are ignored, the whole field of Empire settlement and development has been discredited and blackened.

To restore confidence and steady, ambitious enthusiasm, those responsible for bringing about present disasters and chaos must retire, make way for others with a clean record and a sane, modern programme, winning the co-operation of those chiefly concerned and benefiting by it.

My International Memorandum on Reform of Emigration, Immigration and Land Settlement was submitted to the Washington International Labour Conference, approved and adopted without alteration by all delegates present, and subsequently incorporated in the questionnaire sent out by the Director of the International Labour Office to every country and Government—as the basis for imperative reform and more efficient, improved methods. I therefore feel justified in drawing the attention of yourself and your readers to the growth of a campaign on sound, efficient, constructive lines, to organise County units for dealing with Overseas Colonisation and group settlement on a successful profitable basis; I shall welcome full inquiries from those of your readers sufficiently alive to the chaotic situation to translate their views into action.—Yours, etc.,

E. E. H. WILEMAN.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TENSION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Those of your readers who feel the importance at the present time of cordiality between Britain and the United States of America (and who of them doesn't?) will be grateful for Mr. Herbert Agar's article in your issue of this week on the above subject. May I add one other point in which a change in the attitude of at least some of our fellow countrymen would help in the direction he has at heart, and illustrate it from the side of American life of which I happen to have some first-hand acquaintance? The change I refer to is that we should think more of the successes of American civilisation than of its failures, of what it has achieved over so vast a territory almost within the life-time of some of us than of what remains still to be achieved. Examples might be drawn from almost every department of life, even those which, like that of the treatment of crime, are most open to criticism. The example I have referred to above is that of the University system, curiously neglected by M. Siegfried in his otherwise profound analysis in *America Comes of Age*.

It might seem an unfortunate choice, as there is perhaps no side of American life that has so often been made the subject of scathing criticism by academic visitors to the States. But it is just this that makes it so important to realise the other side. I doubt whether there is any achievement in higher education more amazing than the spread of Universities from the Atlantic to the Pacific within the last fifty years. Go where you like

(and I have gone through the whole Middle West) and you will find groups of scholars, excellent up-to-date libraries, often noble buildings standing for the higher learning and ungrudgingly supported both by private generosity and by the tax-payers of the individual States.

"Well! but what of it?" the critic will say, "What of the subjects and standards? Read Charles Merz's *The Great American Band-Wagon.*" But it is just here that he makes a mistake. Some of these, both subjects and standards, are deplorable enough, though even here exaggeration has done its worst, and there are many colleges, both of State and of private foundation, that compare favourably with the best at home or the Dominions. But that is not the whole of the story or the point to which I would draw attention. The Faculties in all of those with which I am acquainted have known how to protect themselves against the danger of absorption in the work of lecturing and examining the crowds of students who fill their class-rooms, and in the great majority of those which have been granted the full status of Universities there is excellent research work going on in every field of science, literature and philosophy. I think it unfortunate that there are so few opportunities of hearing or reading of this. (It may be better in science and literature, but even the more important American journals of Philosophy are unknown in the British Museum). But that is no excuse for forgetting its existence, what we have owed to it in the past and are likely more and more to owe to it in the future.—Yours, etc.,

Rotherfield, Sussex. J. H. MUIRHEAD.
August 11th.

EAST END MODES AND MORALS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I was surprised and amused to find that the attitude of mind betrayed by Miss Alford's letter still survives—at any rate in Cheyne Walk. Her protest must, so far as I am concerned, go unanswered. If I said what I really think and feel about "preventive and rescue work," as I have observed it in operation, I might allow my vocabulary to stretch beyond legitimate journalistic bounds. Neither "promiscuity" nor "matriarchy"—not even the lack of a worthless father's help and influence—seems to me to be comparable in the hierarchy of evil with unctuous patronage. Miss Alford asks, "Why East End? Why omit the North and South?" The answer is simple. For twenty-five years I have lived and worked in the East End on intimate terms with my neighbours—whom I increasingly respect. I have never lived in the "North or South." I prefer to write of what I have seen and know.—Yours, etc.,

63, Hartford Street, E.1. HARRY ROBERTS.
August 15th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am a faithful and usually unworried reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but after reading Dr. Harry Roberts on East-End Modes and Morals, I am unworried no longer. Dr. Roberts leaves me in miserable uncertainty. As rector of an East-End parish, what sex-advice am I to give to the adolescents in my clubs, scouts and guides? That is now my perplexing question. Am I still to be a hardened old-timer and urge upon them restraint, modesty and chastity, or am I to tell them that the time has now come when free fornication (commonly known as "a bit of fun") and the production by nice, unmarried girls of lovely babies are estimable practices, and that everything is O.K.? East-End girls, I agree, have developed enormously recently in physique and intelligence, but it seems a pity (to me suffering possibly from some unpleasant complex) that with this development modesty has to disappear. Anyhow, will you allow Dr. Roberts in another article to issue to all us workers in the East End, clergy, scout masters and guide captains etc., advice on sex matters suitable for young modern ears?—Yours, etc.,

St. Luke's Rectory, P. D. ELLIS.
Old Street, E.C.1.
August 12th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—A friend of mine, a Swiss girl training for a nurse, was recounting her experiences to me the other day. Her training took her through many wards in a big hospital in France. "But what really disgusted me," she said, "were the fille-mères. They have no sense of responsibility or right feeling. And the Government encourages it, in order to increase the population. It gives a subsidy for every baby, and one sees the girls promenade pompously with their perambulators, convinced that they are doing a patriotic duty. Sometimes they have three or four children (by different men) for each of whom they get a subsidy, so it is worth their while. If they don't care to keep the children, the State takes charge of them; and I, as nurse, have often had to accompany them to leave the baby with the *Assistance.* They leave it with indifference, as one would leave a parcel at a post-office." She made a movement of horror. "Perhaps," added she, trying to be fair, "I was so placed as to see the worst side of things; but there seems to be so very many of these girls, and," returning to her grievance, "the Government is foolish to encourage it, for that is not the way to make *men.*"

A point missed by Dr. Harry Roberts in his eager sympathy for the girls who can't wait until they find a proper man to marry, is that the fathers of these casually born babies have probably few good qualities to transmit; or they would not so shirk their responsibilities. The poor little things have neither a good inheritance, nor will have a good up-bringing—small chance of being good citizens—in a word, to put it with my friend, will not be men worthy of the name.—Yours, etc.,

Switzerland. GIACINTA SALVADORI.
August 16th.

AN APPEAL FOR BOOKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We venture to solicit the interest of your readers on the following matter. The English Seminar at the Nüremberg School of Economics and Social Science is going to be converted into an English Institute for the study of modern England, particularly during the 19th and 20th centuries. The library will include works on literature and language, art, economics, political and social science, religion and education, a special department being devoted to the British Empire.

Although the College itself is supporting the Institute financially, it would be of enormous assistance in the beginning if people in Great Britain, who can spare books dealing with the subjects mentioned above, would be good enough to give them to the growing Institute, the main aim of which is the spreading of a better understanding in South Germany of Great Britain and the British Empire.

The head of the English department at Nüremberg is Herr Eduard Brenner, Prof.Ph.D., who is well known in English academic quarters, as he was Director of the Anglo-German Academic Bureau from 1926 to 1928.

We feel that it is only by a mutual understanding and appreciation of the basic cultural and political structure of other nations that international public opinion, especially among the younger generation, can be educated in support of peace and disarmament.

We are convinced that many private libraries might be able to give a few books which would be invaluable to the library of the new Institute.

The London School of Economics has very kindly consented to collect any such books on behalf of the Institute, and parcels should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Fuller, B.A., at the Universities' Library for Central Europe, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2.—Yours, etc.,

SYLVIA N. COLENSO.

Miscellany

THE ENIGMA

MR. CONGREVE'S was the only telephone for two and a half miles round. No one else had any use for a telephone. But if they had no use for it, it was surprising what a lot of use they made of it.

In Mr. Congreve's farmhouse the front door, that used to be left unopened from one month to another (opened about as seldom as the back door was closed), was now unfastened sometimes as much as three or four times in a day,

to admit someone who held a coin rather prominently as a pledge of good faith and requested to be allowed to telephone. Mr. Congreve himself liked to be about when such applicants arrived; he even lingered indoors as he had never yet done in his life, and subjected them to a scrutiny suitable to candidates for a high post. They were often the people he had lived his life amongst—cottagers telephoning for a doctor, one of the Miss Lees telephoning for a cab; but, on the other hand, they were sometimes strangers who would hardly have been supposed to exist in the out-of-the-way countryside—so that it seemed as if the telephone did not merely attract strangers, but even created them.

If he was indoors Mr. Congreve overheard the conversations, and the farmhouse was now more than ever a centre, a know-all, a plot, a cabala. He had his finger on the pulse of the neighbourhood. The candidate would be brought into the hall, and there on carved oak the telephone stood. (If there had been a more honourable position in the house it would have occupied it.) The hall might give an impression of publicity, but then the closed doors half promised privacy; and he who had to speak his secrets down the telephone could allow himself a half-hope of security.

For Mr. Congreve, with the world's work to do on his farm, the novelty had, of course, soon worn off. Nowadays there was scant ceremony attached to telephoning. People rapped at the door, and if they got no answer—even the maids being out picking fruit or at the chicken—they simply walked in and telephoned, amidst closed doors that really were deaf, and left their money conspicuously on the table. But though Mr. Congreve no longer disliked to miss the unimportant calls, he appreciated his luck in hearing any sensational ones. The evening Mr. Jane telephoned to his brother that the bailiffs would be in his farm the next day Mr. Congreve had closed himself in his sitting-room but ten minutes before. It was constantly like that—as if the telephone knew that common justice should yield him these secrets. But on one occasion at least his luck was out.

From half a mile away, ploughing fastidiously through the mud of the winter lanes, a woman came one day to the telephone. Rosa Burtenshaw came from Hirst Place, where she was the new housekeeper to the farmer and his sons. She was startling to meet on the road, on account of her beauty; and she was a mystery, though not in the sense of having an obscure past, for the unimpeachable facts of her home-life, her marriage and her widowhood had been duly communicated. But the question that agitated the neighbourhood was: What was she like? She might have been anything. Her constant reticence of manner (which might be derived from her beauty, for she seemed to have a bodily embarrassment even in breathing, with eyes upon her) was like a thicket round her, indistinguishable from ultra-refinement; and her looks prevented her from seeming of any particular status: they were a status in themselves. Even her employer knew nothing of her personality but her good service. Many a man who saw her would like to have known more.

Her telephone errand this morning was to ask the carrier from a neighbouring village to come with one of his lorries and shift stock to market for her employer. The carrier to whom she was to speak was already her suitor. He was a hearty, popular character, whose business was perpetually biting off new bits of the surrounding country. He certainly knew something about business, and about doing pretty well for himself generally. When Mrs. Burtenshaw arrived in the neighbourhood he was not behindhand in his advances. At the age of forty he had reached a time when preliminaries are trivial; and after he had given the matter due consideration—that is, after five minutes' inspection of her person—he decided to marry her out and out. He began to haunt Hirst Place, as much as his ubiquitous business would allow him. But in several encounters he had hardly succeeded in meeting her eye, and he liked the pace faster than that. Her monosyllables, her smile that was both forced and yet checked, the way her quietness seemed to rebuke what he said even before he said it, were baffling to one who had never made a great study of female reticence. He could not conceive how she had ever been married. She must have been born married.

And speculation as to what lay behind her quietness did not always take a happy turn. It was possible that if she spoke she might say the most forbidding things. "No, thank you." "Quite the contrary." "The very idea!" Or there was uneasiness, too, in the thought that even if she were kind it might be with great refinement, a thing from which he had a natural recoil. A girl he had once taken a fancy to, and even thought of marrying, had turned out, before he had gone too far, to have ambitions to study the violin. And now, in this case, every stilted phrase he had ever heard occurred to him as possibly being addressed to him by Mrs. Burtenshaw. "We must hope our union may be blest." "I think you are forgetting yourself." Quite alarming phrases he could imagine fitting her mouth: "Ring for afternoon tea." "Where's my poetry book?" He had an awful idea he would one day hear her say the word "poetry."

He might have given up the game in favour of heartier conquests, just as most of the neighbourhood was prepared to look on her as a sealed book. But he was an astute and determined man, and logic told him that what another had done he might do.

"Twenty-five sheep to market?" he repeated after her, when he found himself addressed by her for the first time on the telephone. "Yes, that'll be all right." Was it his fancy, or did her tone seem to encourage further discourse? "Where are you speaking from?" he asked.

"From Mr. Congreve's."

"Congreve's, eh? I hope you enjoyed your walk," he remarked ironically.

"All except the mud," he heard her reply quite pat. (Could it be that her bodily concealment, so much to be deplored in some ways, could make her loquacious?) "But to-day's not so bad," she added conversationally; "why, it's more like spring."

"Wouldn't I like to go for a walk with you in the lovely springtime!" remarked the carrier with a facetious poetical fervour.

"A walk, yes. That's right," she said. "Gathering flowers, eh?"

"You and me picking primroses."

He heard her suppress a little screech.

"Yes, and listening to the birds!"

"Here, wait a minute," he said. "I might have something better to do than all that."

"Whatever would that be, now?"

"Something *nice*."

She gave another little screech. To the carrier each thing she said reconciled some new bit of her outside person to this inside person that he now knew she was. Her outside had had various personalities fitted to it, like clothes tried on; but now that her actual kind was discovered it was a delightful task for the carrier to link her beauty on to the person she was. As she spoke, he added her mouth to her words. The screech of her laugh was like a label affixed to her throat. Each one of her playful phrases gave its character at last to a limb of her body.

"Are you going out for a walk this evening?" he asked.

"Who should that concern, now?"

"Why, yours truly, of course."

"Well, then, I don't walk very far of an evening after working all day, I can tell you!"

"No? But I suppose you walk as far as your bed, don't you?"

"Aren't you getting a bit familiar?"

"Nothing to what I can be."

"I'm safe from you, anyway, where you are."

"But I shan't be here long."

"Where'll you be, then?"

"That depends where you are. I say, though," he added curiously, "aren't you quiet when anybody's with you?"

"Supposing I am! It's not against the law, is it?"

"Oh, no. Not at all. Be as quiet as you like. I'm not objecting—only it won't be any use to you now, you know!"

The little suppressed shriek of half-indignation, half-amusement burst from her again.

"I say," said the carrier, warming to the task in hand, "can anyone overhear you now?"

Alas for Mr. Congreve, no one could.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

THE OLD PLAYHOUSE FIDDLERS

IT is more than passing strange that the playhouse fiddlers of Garrick's day should have been viewed with a measure of dislike almost amounting to continued unpopularity, and especially remarkable, seeing that music has generally been supposed to have charms to soothe the savage breast, that this attitude should have been most pronounced in the regions of "the gods." In one respect, the old orchestra fulfilled a more grateful office than falls to the lot of the orchestra of to-day, and that, methinks, should have accounted unto them for righteousness. There were no reserved seats in the eighteenth century, it being a case of "first come, first served," and, as the doors were opened an hour before the curtain rose, it needed to get to the theatre betimes to make sure of a fairly comfortable seat. To wile away the time, three selections of music were played at intervals before the performance, the second one the longest and most important. After it came the speaking of the prologue, and then the overture, known in those days as "the curtain tune."

This early activity on the part of the fiddlers should have put the audience in good fettle and earned for them a general good will, but, partly through their lack of tact and partly owing to the caprice of the audience, what they gained in the beginning was lost in the middle. All might have been well, perhaps, had the old theatre managers adopted a principle which afterwards proved inevitable and printed a programme of *entr'acte* music on their playbills, together with the notification that from this programme there could be no deviation. As it was, the absence of any such safeguard encouraged "the gods" to maintain a curious old custom which had been in vogue ever since Shakespeare's day. This was the privilege of calling for popular tunes between the acts. Sometimes, however, there was a difference of opinion among the callers as to what tune should be played. One party demanded one tune and a second another, and the fiddlers, unwarned by the old fable of the man and his ass, thought that by playing the one after the other, both parties would be satisfied. But the contrary was the case. As soon as they started to play the tune they had first selected, the clamourers for the other set up a cry and assailed them with a shower of oranges and apples. Sometimes, even more dangerous missiles were used, such as bottles and stones.

Illustrative of this habit, a curious story relative to the famous "Nosey" of old Drury is told. In 1821, that interesting little publication, *The Drama, or Theatrical Pocket Magazine*, related it on the authority of the 'cellist himself, and in the following way:

> Mr. Cervetti, the famous player on the violoncello, so well known at the theatres by the nickname of "Nosey," one night during his performance in the orchestra, received a violent blow on the nose from a potato, thrown from the upper gallery. Being a man of spirit, he with difficulty contained himself till the conclusion of the piece, when running up to the gallery and demanding who was the scoundrel that dared to assault him, the man being pointed out, Cervetti seized him by the collar, dragged him into the passage, and gave him a hearty thrashing. Some years after, he was returning from a ride and met near Paddington a cart-load of convicts going to Tyburn. One of them recognising him, cried out "Nosey! Nosey!" and told the surrounding populace that he had something to say to the well-known musician. Cervetti was stopped and his horse led up to the cart, where he soon perceived and recalled the man who had thrown the potato. His old assailant told him that, being just about to leave the world and wishing to die at peace with all mankind, he had taken the liberty of stopping him to ask his forgiveness for the offence he had formerly committed, and to assure him of his entire forgiveness for the drubbing he had inflicted on him. And so saying, he cheerily bade him good day and good luck, and told the driver to move on.

Added to the unpopularity gained by the fiddlers, unjustifiably, from the rougher section of the audience was the resentment felt by the polite section over their general conduct and many acts of tactlessness, and the whole placed them in a most unhappy position. But for the evidence of Hugh Kelly, the dramatist, we should know little about the reprehensibility of their habits, of the offence regularly given by them to the audience, and it is vital that his testimony, now long forgotten, should be put once more on record. Writing in 1767, in *The Babler*, Kelly, as a regular frequenter of the pit, complains of:

> The restless disposition of the music, who, the moment an act is begun, always get up, stare about, perhaps with an idle gape of stupidity, and then withdraw, though conscious that their presence is indispensably requisite in half an hour at the farthest. When the prompter touches his bell towards the close of the act, the audience is again disturbed by their entrance, and this entrance is made with so little caution that the actors are absolutely impeded in the prosecution of their parts and the attention of the spectators very frequently called from the most interesting passages of the play. Sometimes these considerate gentlemen will even tune their various instruments while the performer is actually speaking, and I have more than once heard Lear exclaiming against the unnatural hags, his daughters, to the disjointed squeak of a hautboy, the impertinent sharp of a fiddle or the drowsy hum of a bassoon.

Though doubtless not manifested for long in the same scandalous way, this cynical indifference to the three hours' traffic of the stage remained a characteristic of the band for a century or more. Some years ago, at a period well within living memory, when melodrama flourished and straight drama had a great deal more incidental music than it has now, necessitating a constant occupation of the orchestra well, it was painful to observe in what moody abstraction the musicians sat in their No Man's Land when not actively engaged in their work. One can hardly conceive of acting either powerful or arresting enough to arouse the old-style fiddler from his torpor. And yet a remarkable instance of the sort is on record. Perhaps we are entitled to entertain some scepticism regarding the genuineness of the anecdote owing to the fact that it has never been told twice in the same way; but that is the prime weakness of all good theatrical yarns, and one may take refuge in the old maxim that there is never smoke without some fire. The story is best told by Lee Lewes in his Memoirs, and him therefore I quote:

> When *The Distressed Mother* was performed for the first time in Dublin, I think in the year 1713, Mr. Thomas Elrington performed the part of Orestes. He was much applauded, and very deservedly it seems, through the whole; but in the last scene, where his brain is so affected at an account of the death of his beloved Hermione that he falls into an ungovernable madness, he acted so very naturally that it had a dreadful effect on the sensorium of a musician in the orchestra. From the first start of the actor, when he wildly says "Blow winds! the murder'd lovers wait!—Hark, how they call—nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine, etc.," he suddenly

caught the infection in reality; and, as some travellers inform us that birds, squirrels, and many other animals are so disordered by the fascinating powers of the eyes of the rattle-snake that they are entirely deprived of the power of avoiding their own certain destruction; so was it with this poor musician. He could not avert his eyes from the sight of the unreal "Mad Tom"; and before Orestes was carried off, the fatally affected son of Orpheus began to rave, stare, and discover symptoms of the most outrageous madness. In short, he was removed from the playhouse to the madhouse, where he soon after died.

I must not omit in this place, that Mr. Elrington proved himself to be a substantial friend to the widow and children of the poor man of whose miserable death he had been the innocent cause.

A score of years before Lee Lewes told the story in this highly circumstantial way, it had already been briefly related in Isaac Reed's recension of the *Biographia Dramatica*, and related (one is relieved to find) of the same Thomas Elrington, but the play in which his acting is reputed to have been so terribly effective is stated there to have been, not *The Distressed Mother*, but Dryden and Lee's tragedy of *Œdipus, King of Thebes*. Putting this discrepancy aside, it may perhaps be granted that a substratum of truth lies at the bottom of the story; but that any sane man could lose his wits through the influence of highly impassioned acting few, I think, will be prepared to concede. The inference would be that the unfortunate musician was suffering from incipient insanity, and that Elrington's raving merely acted as a powerful stimulus to the disease. One of the consolations for living in a period of mediocre, and not to say lukewarm, acting, of so-called reserved force, is that even the weakest-minded of us runs no risk of having his brain turned in this particular way.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

THE MIDNIGHT MOTORISTS

TURNING by the warren in the wood,
Cautious, peering through the streaming screen
Out on a vertical-flowing world, a flood
Falling, a fantasy by no man seen
Who has not looked through glass and been afraid;
Suddenly we saw a fire resist
The downward flow; a little flame that made
A marble's revolution, like a cist
Twirled sore upon the sable skin of night.
Steadfast upon its shining core it spun
Clockwise; paused; reversed; gaily spurning
The falling universe; a sister sun
In mocking parallel beside it burning.
How could we know, concerned for our souls' sake,
That to some cowering beast we were the Snake?

RICHARD CHURCH.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Waltzes from Vienna at the Alhambra

The nineteenth century and Austria are the theatrical fashions of the moment. Crinolines and chamois shorts rival each other in the public heart, and the Alhambra is resounding with love in the Vienna woods. The brutal beginning of the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign provides a romantic setting, and Johann Strauss's waltzes go on and on and on. I begin to feel a faint nostalgia for those dear old American tunes, which I seem to remember were called Jazz. The dialogue of *Waltzes from Vienna* is even feebler than that of most musical shows, and if there was one fairly good joke, I missed it. No personality in the cast made itself felt, and the entertainment depended entirely upon the music and the spectacle. Now a Viennese waltz requires very expert handling; it must hesitate and swoop and vary and swing. But the waltzes at the Alhambra were a very long way from Vienna; they were prim and monotonous. The spectacle was the best part of the show, and included a transformation-scene as well as some new dodges in lighting. Miss Zinkeisen is effective in period work, and though her costumes usually seemed related neither to each other nor to the setting, many of them were by themselves amusing and delightful. Moreover though I was certainly bored, the audience was certainly enthusiastic. *Waltzes from Vienna* can safely be recommended, I fancy, to those who are either too young or too old to be sophisticated.

A Carefree World

Le Chemin du Paradis, which at last succeeds *Le Million* at the Rialto, is a delicious entertainment of the operetta type, which we see in a French version of the original German production by Pommer. If we do not notice in it quite the same power of construction that we admired in *Le Million*, we should remember that it is an earlier picture and that René Clair probably learned a good deal from it. It is an enchantingly gay picture, swift, witty and on occasion almost excruciatingly pretty to look at, with a catching theme song cunningly based on the hoot of a motor horn. The charming "modern" sets alike of house, furniture, garage and factory are as jolly as can be, and suggest a delightful fantasia on twentieth-century happiness. The tempo is perfectly designed to suggest a mood of irresponsible gaiety and from the first sequence in which three young men dash by singing in a motor car our spirits rise and we feel that nothing matters at all. The story is adequate to the theme and is continually enriched by irrelevant and delightful incidents, e.g., a dog watching a game of chess, the song of a typewriter, the possible significance of a terrific thunderstorm, the activities of the bailiff expressed in what may be called metaphysical terms. But it is the achievement of this film to be so triumphantly silly that one cannot describe it without spoiling it. The three leading young men are all, in their different ways, charming; the heroine, Miss Lillian Harvey, an English girl, born I understand in Germany during the war, should break a thousand hearts. Perhaps one of the great charms of *Le Chemin du Paradis* lies in the fact, that though absolutely silly, it is also completely grown up. *Le Chemin du Paradis* never suggests the often engaging, but still more often intolerable, childishness of Hollywood. Here is a film for the old of all ages; and it is nice that the feelings of the grown-up should on occasion be considered. The continued brightness of the sun in the sky, the dazzling brightness of the cement on the ground, are symbols, in a way, of a universe where, except for an occasional evening party, it is always afternoon and where the lotus eaters who inhabit it are gifted with unflagging high spirits. I have only one mild criticism. Why give this film the meaningless title of *Le Chemin du Paradis* (which is the French title) instead of keeping the original title of *Three Men in a Garage* which has the considerable advantage of describing perfectly what the film is about?

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Monday, August 24th—
"Grand Hotel," by Vicki Baum, Adelphi Theatre.
Major W. Brook Northey on "Unknown Nepal," B.B.C. 10.

Tuesday, August 24th—
"Midnight Love," by Sydney Horler, Savoy Theatre.
Mr. Herbert Agar on "Delusions About America," B.B.C. 10.

Wednesday, August 26th—
"Counsel's Opinion," by Gilbert Wakefield, Strand Theatre.

Thursday, August 27th—
"Those Naughty 'Nineties," by E. Savage Graham and Ronald Simpson, Criterion Theatre.

Friday, August 28th.
"The Young Idea," by Noel Coward, St. Martin's Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NONE of us is innocent of the use of slang. The genteel resident of the Close at Barchester who declares that *The Good Companions* is a very nice book or avows that Cheddar Gorge is pretty is just as guilty as the schoolboy who will have it that Mr. Edgar Wallace is top-hole or that *The Cloister and the Hearth* is not bad. Polite conversation would indeed be almost impossible if we did not allow ourselves a little slang; even Henry James found it necessary, and if Dr. Johnson dispensed with it, his abstinence added nothing to his politeness. Impolite conversation is often supposed, quite wrongly, to consist of nothing but slang—an error which rose, I think, in the days when the fashionable novelists of the early part of last century began to ransack Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* in order to find suitable language for their thieves and highwaymen. To have some low-life ruffian always speaking in the purest cant is as gross a mistake as it would be to make a University professor always speak measured and perfect English. It is, perhaps, true that the cant of the underworld—which is not properly slang but a code language—was used by criminals, if there were a risk of an audience, in order that the conversation should be unintelligible; but no such delicate consideration inspires the gentlemen who say that they are going to take Jake for a ride, or put Peter on the spot. In time adherence to slang becomes partly a matter of pride, partly one of mere fashion and partly one of laziness. Certain smart young people spoke of "shy-making," and were imitated by others who feared to be out of it; but this slang of fashion usually has a short life—the cat's whiskers follow the cat's pyjamas into complete oblivion; things that were once too chronic are now merely "quite"—and as a term of eulogy does anyone now hear "O my dear, he's quite too scarce"—an epithet that once replaced the tiresome "adorable"?

* * *

Slang may become annoying to hear; but those who love books about words cannot have too many books on slang. There is something refreshing in this evidence that a people is still ready to make new words, or to give some sly twist to an old one. Captain Grose interpreted his duties with commendable generosity and when he compiled his dictionary of the vulgar tongue in 1785 he included a good deal that was neither slang nor cant—words that politeness had decided were vulgar, words that had become obsolete, and occasionally metaphorical expressions that had something of poetry in them. There is a sad beauty, for instance, in the circumlocution for a mistress—"a wife in water-colours"; it does not perhaps suit Ninon de l'Enclos but is it not perfect for Perdita Robinson? I do not think Grose's dictionary has been reprinted since Hotten's undated facsimile of the first edition, and all students of the language will be grateful to Mr. Eric Partridge for his very handsome new edition (Scholartis Press, 32s.). He has reprinted the third edition; added much illuminating commentary, and given an excellent biographical sketch of Francis Grose who, except to lovers of antiquities, is chiefly known by Burns's lines *On Captain Grose's Peregrinations Through Scotland*. I have only one general complaint to make of Mr. Partridge's work. He gives good reasons for reprinting the edition of 1796 rather than that of 1811 or 1823, the additions in which may, as he says, "be regarded in all fairness as intrusions"; but he has no note on the differences between the edition he reprints—which was published five years after Grose's death—and the edition of 1785. The facsimile of the first edition has a preliminary note stating that "it contains words and explanations which in the later editions have been either omitted or softened"—so far as I can see I think Mr. Hotten was unduly alarmed about the softening process; but I think Mr. Partridge would have done well to restore from the first edition any words that were omitted from an edition issued without Grose's final supervision.

* * *

A new edition of Grose was badly wanted. Hotten's dictionary is good but needs supplementing; Henley and Farmer's great work is beyond the purse and the shelf-room of all except students and Barrère and Leland's dictionary is hampered by the prudishness of its date. Mr. Partridge's book is privately subscribed; and I cannot imagine that any one of sense will be offended by his discreet and frank treatment of words not in common use. It has always been a puzzle why the compilers of Latin and Greek dictionaries should be allowed a freedom not granted to the English lexicographer. While Mr. Partridge's comments are excellent, he is too content to leave many words with Grose's inadequate notes. It should have been practicable to give instances of early use for more of the words; and perhaps in a second edition he will extend the more speculative side of his notes on the strictly slang words, such as "queer," or the slang use of ordinary words. Still, in many cases he has greatly improved Grose's work by giving a brief historical note on the origin and earliest uses of a word; also he takes pains to distinguish clearly between genuine slang and words which are good, but impolite, English. Too often Grose's definitions were deficient in information; but his inclusion of perfectly good English words in his dictionary may be excused by the fact that his book professed to deal with the "vulgar tongue." Even with this excuse, however, he overstepped his limits; and some of his longest and most interesting entries are on words which are neither slang nor vulgar.

* * *

One of the most remarkable of these entries is that on Gypsy. Few people were more maligned in the nineteenth century than those wandering folk; they occupy in early and mid-Victorian novels the position given later to the unfortunate Chinese. I think it could well be argued that the origin of the scurrilous slanders on the gypsy was this article of Francis Grose's. Hark to him as he gives tongue at the opening:

> A set of vagabonds who, to the great disgrace of our police, are suffered to wander about the country. They pretend that they derive their origin from the ancient Egyptians, who were famous for their knowledge in astronomy, and other sciences; and, under pretence of fortune-telling, find means to rob or defraud the ignorant or superstitious. To colour their impostures, they artificially discolour their faces, and speak a kind of gibberish peculiar to themselves . . . That by which they are said to get the most money is when young gentlewomen of good families and reputations have happened to be with child before marriage a round sum is often bestowed among the gypsies, for some one mort to take the child; and as that is never heard of more by the true mother and family, so the disgrace is kept concealed from the world; and, if the child lives, it never knows its parents.

There is the source of half the tales of missing heirs and ill-treated bastards; and yet I suppose no one who has seen a gypsy camp, even casually, can fail to notice how strong is the family likeness from great-grand-dam to new-born infant—not at all a safe place to hide Saxon indiscretions. Fascinating as this book is it gives the reader some cause for melancholy. It is a pity to see the gradual degradation of plain, simple words, used in connection with necessary functions—why should we be condemned to speak of "lavatory" instead of "jakes"? Then in many of the slang words and phrases that concern the act of love we find that cowardly man has given the sanctity of metaphor and forcible language to the old male legend of woman as the insatiable devourer, a legend that is surely the most pitiful piece of masculine self-excuse devised since the exodus from Paradise.

RICHARD SUNNE.

GEORGE MOORE IN ENGLAND

Aphrodite in Aulis. By GEORGE MOORE. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The reputation of Mr. George Moore in England has suffered from a variety of prejudices. That is not to say that if he lived in any other country his reputation as a prose writer would stand very much higher than it does. It is possible that he might have attained to it more rapidly, and there is no doubt that the praises which he receives would be accompanied by a tone of greater conviction.

For in England an accomplished prose style must be vigorously justified by its possessor. Something inherently democratic in our make-up is apt to be resentful of such distinction; something lingeringly puritanical lifts its eyebrows over the search for verbal niceties; last of all, something inveterately stupid raises a wail that these preoccupations are "inhuman." It is curious to notice, in passing, that, whereas the reviewer of a new book refers only diffidently to its style, the journalist whose business is with sport devotes whole columns to stylistic analysis. Yet there is no reason why the style of a modern novelist should be less interesting than the style of a good tennis-player. There is no reason why the cultivation of that style should be considered less reputable as an end. An exchange ought obviously to be effected; let journalists who have specialised in literature turn their energy to the humanisation of modern sport; let novels, poetry, belles-lettres be winnowed by the keen blast of sporting criticism.

Mr. George Moore's recent "come-back" might then obtain the welcome it deserves. *Aphrodite in Aulis* was written after a serious illness, but the elasticity he has taught us to expect, that peculiar mastery of the long sentence, is triumphantly in evidence throughout the book. One explanation, perhaps, of the comparative half-heartedness shown by some critics is that, in order to appreciate him to the full, the reviewer needs a similar type of experience. It is necessary, at any rate, that he should be alive to his own awkwardness and deficiencies. He should have realised, by painful experience, how easily the attempt to write narrative—when it is not mere talking through the typewriter—degenerates into a kind of bastard verse, a sentence which purports to be continuous being broken up into a series of verse lines. A continuous rhythm is all-important, and it is just that rhythmic continuity which is the great achievement of Mr. George Moore's prose style; not an achievement, by the way, which has come to him without a lifetime of hard work. The early *Confessions of a Young Man* is as unequal in its method as in its subject-matter. *Esther Waters*, too, contains passages which the author now regrets and has carefully remodelled and rewritten. Probably the four volumes of autobiography, *Memoirs of my Dead Life* and his Irish memoirs, *Ave*, *Salve* and *Vale*, are the first mature products of his style.

In writing the fine sequence of modern novels, Mr. Moore had set himself a task. He was fitted for it by enthusiasm rather than by temperament; for neither Zola's gargantuan vitality nor the Goncourts' frigid inquisitiveness has any parallel in the Irish novelist's character. He is too sincere and too simple a lover of life to submit to their facile dramatisations. An attitude of dispassionate curiosity could never have suited him very well. He is interested in other men and women, but particularly—though not exclusively—in himself. The real interests which animate a novelist will always sooner or later come to the surface; and it is when a novelist courageously recognises them that he is likely to do his best work.

Such is the alchemy of literature. Characteristics, very often not the most pleasant when it is a question of personal relationships, gain a fresh value through the processes of art. A certain bumptious irrepressibility, which according to his own account of his development distinguished Mr. Moore as a young man, becomes in fiction one of his most memorable assets. He pushes forward, smiling and unashamed. The fact that he is interested is enough. He knows when he is genuinely interested, and—a virtue less common than it would seem—never affects an interest he does not feel.

The result has been those admirable pictures of London and Paris in the 'nineties and of Dublin at the beginning of the present century. How masterly his evocation is! In a few sentences he trails across the page the rankness of a hot room or a cheap cigar; he recaptures what he himself has called "the brandy-and-soda soul" of a pretentious and mildly dissipated young man, the smell of scent or the sound of excited voices, the revealing oddities, accents and emotions of different and delightful human beings. The flavour one misses in his latest narrative is the faintly acrid tang of the earlier books. It is a story of Athens under Pericles—one cannot help wishing that the scene was laid at the *Nouvelle Athènes*—and of the charm of Helen's remembered beauty; for whom one wishes, no doubt impertinently and unreasonably, that he had substituted some blowsy siren of the *Quartier*. This new story, none the less, has a claim for its own sake upon one's gratitude. A worthy successor to *Héloïse and Abélard*, it is unfolded with the same decorative expansiveness and possesses the same leisurely beauty and the same harmonious unity of style. First published in a limited edition, it is now reprinted and revised. Conceivably not the book one would recommend to a reader who knew nothing of Mr. Moore; but those who have explored his talent elsewhere will find that it confirms their admiration.

PETER QUENNELL.

LYAUTEY

Marshal Lyautey. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by HAMISH MILES. Lane. 12s. 6d.

French Morocco, at the moment, is an incisive argument in favour of Imperialism. Twenty years ago none of its inhabitants enjoyed security either of person or of property, and the towns were putrid with small-pox and syphilis. The Sultan's government was at once feeble and predatory; its authority did not extend to the mountains; and the mountains were inhabited by Berber tribes who made forays upon the defenceless plain whenever they had leisure from their own internecine feuds. To-day agriculture and commerce are flourishing, regular taxation has replaced confiscation, the prisons are reserved for criminals, small-pox has disappeared, syphilis is rapidly diminishing, and except in a few small districts it is safe to walk at all hours unarmed. The increase in general happiness can hardly be doubted save by those for whom nationalism is a religion completely impervious to reasoning. Backward peoples admittedly exist, lovers of violence to whom the constraints of a more developed civilisation are intolerable, and the Berbers may be such a people. But the Moors of the plain belong to an ancient civilisation of which the armature had collapsed. And while the memory of the preceding chaos and misery survives, they may complain, but they do not regret. These, of course, are familiar excuses for Imperialism, but it is impossible to visit Morocco without feeling their force. The transference of power was effected with a minimum of shock to the religious and patriotic feelings of the inhabitants, the future of the country planned with imaginative foresight. And this rapid development of a kingdom in decay into a prosperous protectorate is due almost entirely to the genius of one man, Marshal Lyautey. It is not surprising that André Maurois should have wished to write his life.

Born at Nancy in 1854, Hubert Lyautey descended on one side from a family of administrators and soldiers devoted to the service of the two Napoleons, on the other from an aristocratic stock, Catholic, Legitimist and æsthetic. His own life has been a balance, sometimes precarious, between the two traditions which he inherited. At the age of forty he was a cavalry officer whose record showed little promise of future distinction, though he took an unusual interest in social problems and the welfare of his men, and had friends among writers. A Catholic who no longer practised, and a Royalist who perceived the impracticability of Royalism, he seemed isolated from any possibility of political action, while his impatience with military red tape rendered unlikely any great success as a peace-time soldier. Power under the Third Republic has usually been attainable only by renegade socialists. But in 1894 he was sent to Indo-China, and when he reached Tonkin he met Galliéni. Under his influence, and inspired by the practical problems of a military occupation, Lyautey was revealed to himself. He tasted action; at once and for life he became an addict. From Indo-China he went to Madagascar, from Madagascar to Algeria, developing a theory of colonisation which is now known as the Lyautey doctrine. And the year 1912 brought him the opportunity to apply it on a grand scale, for the French occupied Morocco, and he was appointed Resident with almost dictatorial powers.

The first commandment of the Lyautey doctrine is to accompany military occupation immediately with peaceful penetration; to open a market and a dispensary wherever a fort is being built; in fact, never to threaten without at the same time tempting. The second principle is to govern through the native authority already established, interfering as little as possible with traditional

manners and laws. This method, in the British Empire a commonplace, was a daring novelty to the French, who have been accustomed to impose indiscriminately upon their colonies the ideology of the Revolution. In French Morocco every decree affecting the native population is issued in the name of the Sultan. He is, of course, a mere mask for the Resident, but one that gratifies the sensibility of the Moors. The Berber mountain tribes, on the other hand, are in fact ruled by their hereditary chiefs, with little interference from the central Government. This system gives appropriate government to the two very different "cultures" of Morocco. The shopkeeper and the farmer have security, and the tribesman is left to his traditional authority, which, however brutal on occasion, probably distresses him less than the more equitable rule of a civilisation for which he is not ready.

In 1914 the doctrine was put to a dramatic test. The occupation of Morocco was incomplete and precarious; and at the outbreak of war the French Government, requiring every available soldier for the defence of France, instructed Lyautey to evacuate all the Protectorate save the coast. He answered that he would send all the troops required, and would at the same time retain the hinterland. The courage which assumed this terrifying responsibility was justified: during the war, with only the skeleton of an army, Lyautey not only held the country, but continued to carry out his plans. And when he retired in 1925 he was able to say that the task entrusted to him had been accomplished. The Riff had not then been subdued—even now there remain dissident areas—but Morocco is probably the most rapidly developing country in the world of to-day.

This review of a life of Lyautey has been mainly concerned with the story of Morocco. For though Monsieur Maurois is principally interested in psychology, the value of his book lies in the description rather of the things achieved than of the man who achieved them. As a biography it is ruined by one fortunate fact: Lyautey is still alive. I strongly recommend Monsieur Maurois's book in Mr. Hamish Miles's admirable translation for the lively history it contains. But it is impossible to paint a portrait all light and no shade. Biography is essentially the art of writing about dead men. I know the Marshal to be a character of fascinating complication, but Monsieur Maurois can only give us hints. We dimly discern that the resoluteness of the administrator is related to the neuroticism of the æsthete, that the appetite for action springs from an infinite capacity for boredom, and that the qualities which made Lyautey a success in Africa are also the defects which would have kept him a failure in France. When in 1916 he was made Minister for War he perceived that the Nivelle offensive must be a disaster, but he could manage neither Lloyd George nor the Chamber. He is a man who can collaborate only with his subordinates. Psychologically he belongs to the pre-industrial age, and in Morocco he found a state of society very like that of Mediæval Europe.

Fez remains one of the most beautiful cities in the world owing to the prevision of a man who always required beauty in the things and persons surrounding him. But already the dream which Lyautey realised in Morocco shows signs of dissolution. The enthusiasm for his conceptions which this singular character inspired in both the French and the Moors has in his absence begun to fade. Inevitably it is the carpet-bagger who exploits the idealist's achievement. Like the other countries of Asia and Africa which have to support the impact of European civilisation, Morocco must face a long and perhaps ultimately abortive agony. They cannot survive without evolving, but no one knows whether they have the capacity for successful evolution. In Montesquieu there is a sentence about Alexander the Great, which in Lyautey's copy has been underlined: "He respected ancient traditions, and it was in order to preserve everything that he strove to conquer everything." Like Alexander, Lyautey acted under an illusion. But then, like Alexander, he needed to act.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

ADVENTURERS

The English Adventurers. By CLENNELL WILKINSON. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

That adventures are to the adventurous is a platitude which is of little help to a writer who, with only some 170-odd pages into which to compress an account of one important aspect of the English heritage, must needs arrive at some definition which will enable him to keep his subject within reasonable limits. Mr. Wilkinson, in this admirable little treatise on the English adventurers, is at some pains to define "adventurer" in a manner which will not be completely capricious. It is obviously unsatisfactory to say that to adventure is merely to take a risk, since in that case everyone who has crossed a London street might lay claim to the title; while to define an adventurer as a man who lives dangerously would necessitate the inclusion of stockbrokers, journalists and other unsuitable characters. The word is, as Mr. Wilkinson recognises, one of those well-understood terms which defy definition, and he is quite rightly content to explain it in a way sufficient for his immediate purpose:

> If you serve your king for a salary, in however dangerous an employment, and along the ordinary lines of that employment, then you are not an adventurer as the word is used here. But if you are sent off on some sideshow (as Captain Cook was when he explored the South Seas), then you *are*. Every great explorer is an adventurer, within the meaning of the act, but every great soldier or sailor is not. . . .
>
> There must be some real bodily risk attached to every adventure; there must be an element of adventurousness, not only in the actual exploit, but in the undertaking of it. . . . Finally, a true adventurer must always be lonely.

The three essential elements of adventure are therefore physical danger, "some pitting of oneself against the fates," and distance from home. The first enables Mr. Wilkinson to exclude adventure in the countries of the mind and the second that which is met with "all in the day's work," while the third condition provides a clue to the distinct characteristics of English adventure as compared with that of other races.

Indeed, it is even more difficult to differentiate the English adventurers than to define "adventure" itself. Possibly it is true to say that the average Englishman has a stronger homing instinct than men of other nations, but it is a very fine distinction. Mr. Wilkinson goes nearer the root of the matter when he emphasises the deep dread of the ordinary Englishman of being laughed at as an idealist, and his desire, even when engaged on some impossibly romantic and unpractical affair, to appear materialistic or at least matter-of-fact. The English pilgrim to Samarkand, if questioned, will affirm that he is going there to stimulate trade, and the traveller in search of the New Jerusalem will declare that he only wishes to study housing conditions.

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If this qualitative distinction also appears superficial, one has to fall back on one of quantity and to say of the English adventurers merely that there were more of them than of any other kind.

It is hardly fair to blame Mr. Wilkinson and not his subject if *The English Adventurers* tends at times to be somewhat discursive and scrappy. The first chapter deals with the Crusaders and resolves itself into an anecdotal biography of Richard Cœur de Lion; the next is concerned with the Free Companions, with sketches of Knollys, Calverly and Hawkwood; and the third is entitled "Hakluyt's Heroes." Mr. Wilkinson spends some valuable pages in an appreciation of Hakluyt, which is not strictly relevant but for which it is easy to forgive him, before proceeding to deal with Drake and other discoverers of the new world. The death of Raleigh marked the end of an epoch, and the English adventurers in the seventeenth century consisted of travellers like Thomas Coryat and buccaneers like Henry Morgan. In including the latter Mr. Wilkinson goes perilously near breaking his self-imposed restrictions, since it is very questionable whether for them "gold was only the lure in the sense that money is the lure at a game of bridge"; the buccaneers rather resembled those unpleasant people who play bridge to make a living out of it, but it is impossible to regret their inclusion since it allows Mr. Wilkinson to tell of Morgan, of "that baffling, attractive character," William Dampier, and of the latter's "ingenious friend," Basil Ringrose. And so, after dealing briefly with the great navigators, with the privateers and soldiers of fortune, with the African explorers from Mungo Park and Burton to Livingstone and Stanley, Mr. Wilkinson comes to "the siege of the Poles" and the present time.

In such a wide survey there must be some omissions, but the author disarms much criticism on this score by claiming that the book is a personal one which reflects his own reading and that an attempt at a comprehensive account of English adventure would result in a mere list of names. There might, however, have been some mention of English women adventurers, such as the Quaker Mary Fisher in the seventeenth century, who was scourged for her faith at Cambridge and who later "would not be at rest before she went in purpose to the great Emperor of the Turks and informed him concerning the errors of his religion and the truth of hers," accomplishing a great deal of the journey to Adrianople alone and on foot. She is surely as worthy a place in the gallery as Dr. Livingstone, and there are others. One other, less serious, lack might be remedied by the provision of one or two sketch maps to guide the reader among a mass of names.

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THIS SURPRISING WORLD

Modern Civilisation on Trial. By C. DELISLE BURNS. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

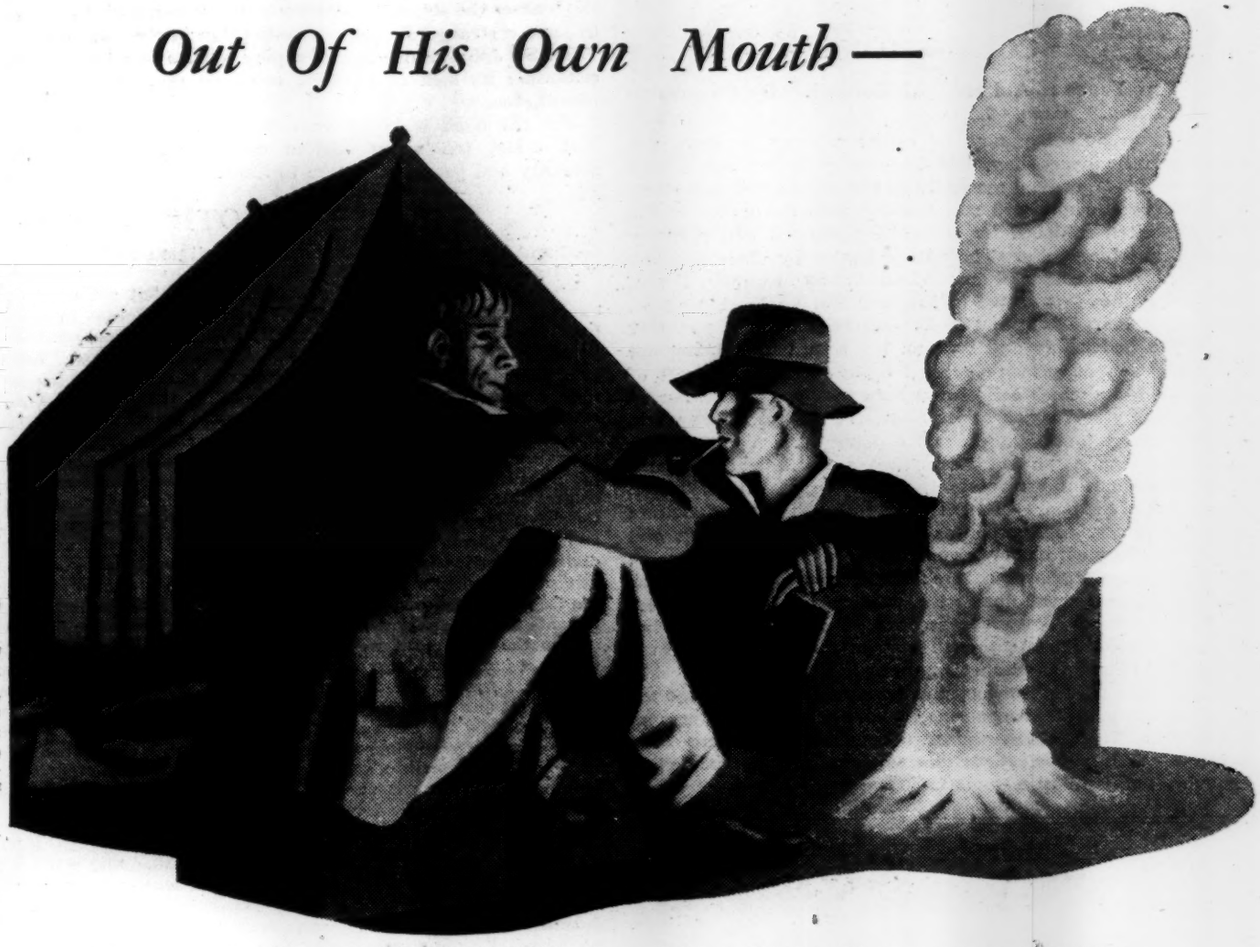
Dr. Delisle Burns, in a volume packed with stimulating notes and comments, is not so much concerned with modern civilisation on trial as with the multiple results of the latest inventions and developments as they are displayed in the common life. The two most obvious features of our civilisation, he points out, are its more or less uniformly Western character and its extreme modernity. The methods and habits that are now rapidly spreading over the world are not those produced by the industrialism of the nineteenth century, but those arising directly out of the advances made in a single generation, contemporary civilisation being barely twenty years old. The world of to-day is what it is, not because of the industry and invention of which steam and the railway were the governing forces, but because of electricity and motor transport, the aeroplane, the cinema, the radio. These influences came into social operation with extraordinary swiftness, and their conquest of the whole world will now be a matter, relatively, of a very short period. The life of all mankind becomes directly affected. The relations of governments and peoples, money, manufactures, and crops, standards of living, the worker's food and leisure, his children's education and his wife's domestic day—all are going through a rapid and thorough transformation the like of which has never been known on earth. With a glancing eye that takes in a dozen telling illustrations where other sociologists would be happy to light on only one or two, Dr. Burns follows out his theme. Here, as always, he discusses the larger issues of international and inter-racial affairs—war and peace, Asia and the West, the causes of the post-war dictatorships and their probable destiny. On such subjects he is invariably sensible and enlightening, but there can be no doubt as to the portions of this book which the majority of readers will find most suggestive and refreshing. They are those in which the author indulges his talent for the selection and interpretation of economic and social facts—as, for example, in his brilliant chapter on the standardisation of taste. Nothing is so terribly uniform nowadays, he points out, as was the poverty of the multitude in the past; "no life is more completely standardised than one in which the majority have no choice at all," and the life of the worker under modern conditions is infinitely more varied than any known to the mass of toilers under pre-industrial conditions in all lands.

Now and again, however, Dr. Burns ventures into an assertion or generalisation for which there would seem to be little warrant. Here, for instance:

> Europe has now to face, what America has already faced, experimentalism in the younger generation, disregard of old standards of morality, disrespect for the older established authorities. These are the results of the cinema, the radio, and the aeroplane.

The cinema doubtless has to answer for a good deal in the province of social ethics, but what the radio and the aeroplane are doing in this connection Dr. Burns might have paused a moment to explain. Again, he contends that if the war had not held up European industrialisation outside of production for war purposes, our continent "would, perhaps, have been 'Americanised' before America," which is surely a fantastic suggestion. In mass production, in experimentalism, in extravagant adventure and defiance of economic tradition, the United States has afforded for half a century the greatest possible contrast to Europe and to Britain, and the war production merely emphasised and extended that contrast. Altogether, Dr. Burns's picture of the evolving contemporary world is decidedly optimistic. The sum-total of his survey might not unfairly be compressed into the statement that the newest industrialism, with its rapidity of change and adaptation, means a better life for humanity in general—lighter work, more comfort, leisure, and variety, and a larger measure of essential freedom. That thesis, of course, is always arguable: but its particular interest at the moment lies in the

Out Of His Own Mouth—



"Ever read advertisements?" "Never." "What tobacco d'you smoke?" "Three Nuns, you bet!" "Why?" "Oh, because it's such jolly good stuff . . . and smokes so slow and cool . . . You see, it's cut in curious little discs, and each one's a complete blend of several different kinds of leaf, so—" "Ever read advertisements?" "Eh? Oh, well . . ."

* * *

The rest is silence—and

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fact that Dr. Delisle Burns, hitherto recognised as, let us say, a meliorist of the Left, should proclaim it in rather confident tones just when so many voices of seeming authority are announcing that modern civilisation has been not only put on trial but finally doomed.

CONFESSIONS

After Ten Years: A Personal Record. By CONSTANCE MALLESON. Cape. 7s. 6d.

This is an autobiography, or rather a diary, written, not conscientiously every day, but luxuriously in memory; and somehow this "personal record" has the same effect as a diary of making one acquainted and friendly with the writer in the way not often achieved by a carefully planned and properly guarded autobiography. The author begins by describing her childhood as a member of an old Irish family in County Down, then her girlhood at school in England and on the Continent, then her "escape" from the London Season on a yachting expedition to Norway and Sweden, her return to London and the realisation of a long-cherished desire to learn the art of acting—a desire which had always been tacitly discountenanced by the family. Work, a secret marriage, divorce, more work, unhappiness, yet more work, and a determination not to give in and to remain "intact," and then a brief breathing-space from emotional and mental struggle—there is the skeleton framework of the book. There is plenty of flesh on the skeleton; critical but very human pen-paintings of personal friends and celebrities ranging from the German Emperor to Liam O'Flaherty; heart-felt descriptions of nature; and many interests such as the pacifist movement during the war and the native problem in South Africa. There are records of advancement in her career, and occasionally, though only in rare glimpses, we see something of Lady Constance's interior life.

In the early part of the book there are youthful opinions, often very irritating, but always sincere, and with the courage of conviction. Then, there appear very occasional scraps of a personal philosophy gleaned from experience, half muddled in thought, yet half epigrammatic in form. When speaking of disillusionment in love, she says: "To keep intact is more important than to love your neighbour. . . . I had tried loving my neighbour and it hadn't been much of a success. I would try my hand at keeping intact instead." Unlike Dr. Faustus, she realises the supreme importance of her own soul, but appears to have a strangely erroneous conception of the nature of love. What St. John Ervine said of a play sent to him by the author criticising its lack of restraint could be said of this personal record, too.

Yet the book is saved from the vulgarity and charlatanry that infect too many modern confessions by the author's sincerity and passionate desire to learn.

SHORTER NOTICES

God and Mammon: The Relation of Religion and Economics. By J. A. HOBSON. Watts. R.P.A. 1s.

"The story of God and Mammon is largely, but not wholly, an economic interpretation of history," writes Mr. Hobson in opening his discussion of a theme that is nearly related to the subject treated by Mr. R. H. Tawney in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. After a brief analysis of the priesthood and its economic function in primitive society, Mr. Hobson recalls the attitude of the mediæval Church towards commerce and money, and notes as an important aspect of the Reformation that Luther and his compeers were far from wishing to relax the authority of the spiritual power over the moral and economic life of the community. Nevertheless, the severance of business from the control of the Church was inevitable in *laisser faire* Protestantism, and Calvinism involved "a society of hard, thoughtful, industrious men and women, bent upon their personal salvation to be achieved, under divine predestination, by conduct conducive to the glory of God." The positive virtues of Protestantism tended to success in business, the Calvinist antagonism to worldly pleasure, and the Puritan attitude towards the arts and recreation were influences in the same direction; and in the later result we see the fateful compromise between the Churches and Big Business of which the United States provides the great example. America, indeed, we are reminded, has developed the compromise into an actual co-partnership, and it is contended that if the Churches really felt themselves to be the moral guardians of the community, "they would insist upon a full and fearless exploration of the nature of the economic system in its distributive capacity." Mr. Hobson's little book is an excellent addition to the Forum Series. Its thesis might well be developed upon a larger plan.

Sailing the Seas: A Survey of Seafaring Through the Ages. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Chapman & Hall. 18s.

This new book of Mr. Keble Chatterton's is packed with antiquarian and historical lore, and starting with first sea-going ships of the Egyptians it traces the evolution of the ship onwards, through the Phœnician, Greek and Roman developments, to the age of the Saxons and the Vikings, and so by way of the Middle Ages down to the days of the East Indiaman and the last of the Clipper ships. Every reader will have his favourite period, but whatever period be first in one's esteem, it will be found that Mr. Chatterton has outlined its essentials, and with a technical detail that will satisfy the expert. Thanks to the graphic art of the Egyptians we have a very complete knowledge of the fighting ships of the Egyptian navy, and of the ships of the sea-rovers, the peoples of the sea who twice in the twelfth century B.C. threatened the coast of Egypt. Greece and Rome have also bequeathed us pictures of their craft, so there was material to hand, and this material, with all the later story of modern seacraft, Mr. Chatterton has woven into his story. The book is admirably illustrated.

Switzerland: Northern and Eastern. By PAUL GUITON. The Medici Society. 7s. 6d.

In this volume, the latest addition to the Medici Society's *Picture Guides* series, Mr. Guiton describes the Oberland; the four Forest Cantons, the Unterwalden, Lucerne, Schwyz, and Uri; the Grisons; Glarus, St. Gallen, Appenzell, and the Lake of Constance; and the towns: Berne, Zurich, Schaffhausen and the falls of the Rhine, Bâle, and Soleure. Mr. Guiton writes agreeably of Alpine scenery, and his descriptions are accompanied by beautifully reproduced photographs of mountain views. Those interested in the history of the country will find Mr. Guiton's stories of the more famous towns full of interest. These Swiss towns have not only preserved many of their mediæval monuments, but have also contrived in some subtle way to harmonise the ancient and modern in their architecture, so that everywhere the Middle Ages linger on.

A Commemorative Catalogue of the Exhibition of Italian Art 1930. 2 Vols. Oxford University Press. £6 6s.

Italian Drawings at Burlington House, 1930. Oxford University Press. £2 2s.

These two catalogues, in their magnificence and accomplishment, are worthy of the exhibition they commemorate. The two larger volumes are edited by Lord Balniel and Mr. Kenneth Clarke, in consultation with Signor Ettore Modigliari; the first volume consists of a very careful and minute description of the pictures exhibited. The notes are models of care and accuracy, and have that passion for

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October 9th, 22 days. Fare from 40 guineas.
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research that marks the true scholar. The second volume contains reproductions—nearly all rendered with extraordinary skill to convey the values of the originals. Good as these are, some will prefer the volume of drawings in which modern processes of reproduction provide almost perfect facsimiles. The three volumes provide an extremely sumptuous record of a most enterprising and exciting exhibition.

Slaves. By FRANK POLLARD. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

There is not one pleasant character in this uncompromising novel, which, however, is excellent reading for those who can stomach strong meat. It deals with the slave trade between the west coast of Africa and the West Indies at the end of the eighteenth century, and relates in a level, unemotional fashion, far more telling than any hysterical over-emphasis, the horrors of a single voyage. The degradation inflicted by the trade on the slavers as well as on the enslaved, the care taken of the evil-smelling human cargo in order not to lessen its commercial value and the cruelty inflicted when that value was not at stake, a mutiny and a fight with a privateer, all combine to make an impressive if sordid story. The only white woman in the story is affected with religious melancholia; but then Mr. Pollard does not pretend to provide cheerful fare, and his knowledge of the period is too wide for anyone to accuse him lightly of overdoing the gloom.

Major Grant. By CAROLA OMAN. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

There is a quiet solidity both about Major Grant the man and *Major Grant* the novel. Both are somewhat prim and old-fashioned; the worthy major does not indulge in superfluous talk, nor does Miss Oman. There is, in fact, remarkably little dialogue in her book, which deals with the adventures of a British intelligence officer in the Peninsular War. The minor characters, including an amusing American, are well-drawn, and there are glimpses of Napoleon, Wellington and Castlereagh, while there is an interesting picture of the Paris of the time when Buonaparte was preparing for his Russian expedition. The narrative is enlivened by touches of grimness and humour and should make pleasant enough reading for those who want an historical romance of an old and tried kind.

Dutch Agnes Her Valentine. By W. G. COLLINGWOOD. Heinemann. 6s.

The charm of *Dutch Agnes*, published originally in 1910, must be listened for and lingered over, if its exquisite quiet harmony is to be enjoyed. The theme is a simple one: the journal of the curate and schoolmaster of Coniston from 1616 to 1623. "Curat Robart Dowson" and his entire flock of villagers are in the parish registers of those years; the "Dutch" names being accounted for by the presence of German copper miners in the district. The more general political events concern religious factions and the German wars. This much research will yield. Mr. Collingwood's triumph lies in showing us all this through the mind of the gentle country priest, without once forcing the note or writing a passage that is out of character. The curate's journal is neither egotistic nor impersonal. Behind the quiet entries one can trace a perfectly drawn character; sensitive, generous-minded, with a deep poetic sense, and over-inclined, despite its gleams of humour, to a reticent humility. To see the full comedy of my Lady Bountiful's almost successful effort to wed the curate to a village lass one must stand aside. Here again Mr. Collingwood's touch is delicate and sure. Meanwhile the villagers marry and give birth and die; the great political and religious doings have their influence on the dale. The author notes in 1930 that Towsie Puchgerger's old mine has been restarted, and "there is a new story unfolding itself."

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About Motoring

7 H.P.—100 MILES AN HOUR!

AT intervals of only a few days paragraphs appear in the daily papers announcing that Mr. So-and-so has broken some existing world's record, or won such-and-such a race on a baby car. The usual scene is Brooklands or Montlhéry, and the instrument of the record may be either an Austin Seven, or an M.G. Midget, or a Riley Nine. The ordinary motorist is well aware that record-breaking is an expensive game; that the industry is in an extremely depressed condition; and that all the cars engaged in these paroxysms of speed are among the cheapest on the market. So he rubs his eyes, and wonders what form of mania underlies these weird and sustained exhibitions.

The sourest of cynics can hardly turn to justify his grins over these capers without first reverently raising his hat in tribute to the engineers who make such feats possible. A few years ago any impecunious motorist who wanted a fast car at a low price was compelled to buy a foreign one. No British firm at that date constructed a small sporting car; and the money of this market went to France for Salmsons, Amilcars, and other lesser-known small fry. Then one or two small firms commenced to supertune the Austin Seven, and astute coachbuilders produced special coachwork for it, which made it look a great deal faster than it had then begun to be. The undergraduate and the Air Force subaltern discovered that for quite a small expenditure they could obtain a car which was cheap to run, looked very naughty, and travelled quite speedily. The Austin factory awoke to the possibilities, and one of its directors, Capt. Waite, devoted his energies to the new breed. The Riley people launched a Brooklands edition of their famous Nine; it was a great deal more expensive than a racing baby Austin, but it was excellent value; it won races, and began to sell freely. Then the M.G. Car Co.—the sporting offshoot of Morris Motors—suddenly produced a racy edition of the Morris Minor, and commenced a duel *à outrance* with the baby Austins. So the battle was joined. The present racing season opened with a handicapping blunder, which accentuated the animosities. Since very few British factories are ready to spend money on racing, and since Continental firms hesitate to send racing teams to Ireland or to Brooklands, a handicap is the only chance of coaxing a respectable entry for a big race here or in Ireland. A motor handicap is always something of an absurdity—to match a baby Austin or Morris against a giant Mercédès or Bentley is rather like accepting the entry of a coster's moke in the Cesarewitch. Still, the authorities do it, and in 1931 their handicappers failed to realise what vast strides the supertuning of baby cars had made in the last year. They presented a big race to the M.G. Midget, and its rivals could hardly step down at such a moment. In all probability these three firms would secretly prefer to drop the expensive racing programmes. The M.G. Midget has earned as many orders as it is likely to get this year. The same applies to its principal rivals. But none of them dare leave a clear field to the others.

Meanwhile, the actual racing men, who achieve a name and cash—possibly even international fame—through these fundamentally commercial rivalries, are naturally eager to keep the game going. As a matter of fact, they can usually continue their records even if the factory suddenly grows tired of an expensive business. It would be a great blunder to imagine that a factory always pays the cost of racing successes associated with its cars. The tyre and oil companies and the vendors

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Rail fares from London to Leningrad amount to approximately £17.15.0 first-class and £12.17.6 second-class. Boat fares from London to Leningrad on Soviet motor vessels, very comfortably equipped for passenger service, cost £10.2.9 first-class and £9.2.9 second-class, including food.

Intourist (State Tourist Co. of the U.S.S.R.), Moscow, undertakes all arrangements for travellers in Soviet Russia, and their tours include hotels and all meals; transport and delivery of baggage; sightseeing in the cities, motor trips in the country; visits to museums and theatres, concerts and cinemas; all visa formalities, and the services of skilled interpreters.

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of accessories all make heavy allotments for such purposes, allotments which are large enough to offer an attractive risk to the pseudo-amateur racing man, and will certainly cover the bulk of a real amateur's expenses.

Sir William Morris, while he turns a blind eye on the programme of the M.G. Car Co., openly deprecates this racing business. He is altogether too ruthless in his denunciations of it. It undoubtedly breeds better engines; the power units of cheap cars would never have been developed to the present pitch without racing. It accelerates the development of tyres, of brakes, and of a few minor components. If we are to find any cause for grief in the racing programme it must be that an equal expenditure on a central laboratory of motor car research would probably produce a more rapid and complete development of the cheap car as a whole. For example, the crying need of all the baby cars is improved suspension and roadholding. The racing editions of these cars obviously possess these characteristics; but their special qualities in this respect are not grafted on to the standard editions, either because the designers are too stupid, or because the special mechanism is too expensive. Yet a new 1932 baby car, which has no racing experience behind it, notoriously owns a better suspension than any of its small rivals.

The blame for this huge waste of money on more or less barren racing lies at the door of component companies, of oil companies, and of tyre companies. Without their subsidies the so-called sport of motor racing would rapidly wither and die, or, alternatively, would be reborn in a new and amateur phase. Yet it is not possible to denounce them for allotting large annual sums to the racing men. These companies must adopt some form of publicity; and racing wins are extremely effective publicity. The plain man, who knows nothing whatever about lubricants, reads in the advertisement pages of his daily paper that some famous speedboat or racing car or aeroplane is lubricated with a certain brand of oil. This is good enough for him. The actual victory may possibly have been achieved on pure castor oil, which would be an impossible lubricant for his touring engine. This does not affect the point. He wants an oil which he can trust. A certain company is trusted by the speed champions to furnish them with the correct oil for all their stunts. The company can be trusted to do the same for him; and after all it is still quite easy to buy a lubricant which permits an engine to wreck itself. Mass-production is impossible without mass-suggestion as a means of ensuring mass-sales. The public is not sufficiently intelligent, or is too suspicious, to respond satisfactorily to mass-suggestions addressed to its brain, or based upon pure reason. But the public is always interested in sport, though its ideas on some forms of sport are quaint. And it always pricks its ears at a sensation. And newspapers give free space on editorial pages to sensations which are "news." So motor racing flourishes.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

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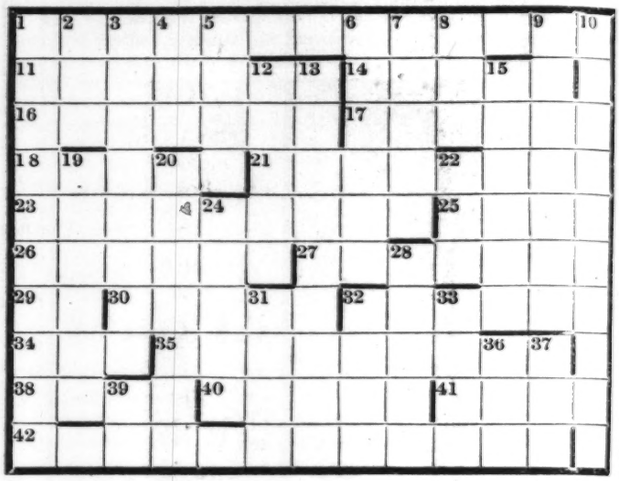
Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

ACROSS.

1. Necessary to the composition of a Trinculo crossword.
11. Career of which Mr. Smiles disapproved.
14. Take back that irrision.
16. Co-founder of no mean city.
17. Wonder wanders.
18. Useful to the newspaper magnate.
21. Just take my advice, for I shan't be a trice. *You can't beat vice.* Now I've told you twice.
23. Has traditionally characterised lamb.
25. It's a twisted path that will bring back the goldfields.
26. You expect these jests in pantomime.
27. Might perhaps describe the dress of the White Queen.
29. The last George to take the field.
30. Appellation that lessens the importance of being Ernest.
32. What some think Nelson really said to Hardy.
34. Oxonian honorific.
35. Role of Peascod or Mustardseed.
38. Lower gear in disarray.
40. I have come away from the afternoon party.
41. A physicist's unit.
42. 1 — 2 — 31.

DOWN.

1. In Rome these gentlemen ended their career in bags.
2. Here you might reasonably hope for a good cup of coffee.
3. College that begins well for the Janeites.
4. Here Napoleon inflicted upon the Austrians what I here inflict upon my clue.
5. A clean pair of fish.
6. Her cat is involved in the near East.
7. Hard and brilliant critic.
8. How to begin pancake day.
9. 3 *down* in ruins.
10. Alleged to be Tweeny's pabulum.
12. Reverse a crossword's ancestor.
13. *rev.* Something that Ireland boasts of.
15. *rev.* The concern of Agricultural Wages Boards.
19. What sweepstakes seldom do.
20. Effect of the Russian revolution.
22. Mine is generally hard.
24. A hundred of them become almighty.
28. Cicerones, I want U.
31. I's dotty.
32. A good one is useful to a K.C.
33. It takes a holy man to make me cruel.
36. Old sweat at Agincourt.
37. Well-disciplined little fellow is here inverted.
39. This era might appeal to the musical

BRIDGE

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS

Hand No. XX. Defensive Overcall of Two in a Suit.

North:		*East:*	
♠ J 10 8 3	♥ 9 5 3	♠ Q 9 6	♥ K 8 4
♦ Q 7 6 4	♣ K J	♦ 10 2	♣ A Q 6 5 2
West:		*South:*	
♠ 5	♥ A Q J 7 2	♠ A K 7 4 2	♥ 10 6
♦ A 8 5	♣ 10 9 7 3	♦ K J 9 3	♣ 8 4

Score: Game-all. South deals.

The Bidding:

South - 1 ♠ West - 2 ♥ North - No bid East - 4 ♥ All pass.

Notes on the Bidding. To make a defensive overbid of *two*, when vulnerable, one needs five trumps, about four tricks in the trump-suit, and at least two Honour-tricks in all, in the hand. West's hand conforms to these conditions.

East's hand is just worth the double raise. West is gambling on the holding by East of at least two supporting tricks: but the latter, in fact, can give him four. In play, West, of course, makes 11 tricks.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD. (Notes and explanations in brackets.)

ACROSS.—1. brachycephalo (us). 11. iatric (see *Marmion*). 14. oar. 16. evil (live). 17. rihegadr (Gerhardi). 18. iri(s). 19. ae(on). 20. mnemonic. 22. argot *rev.* 23. ignorant ("where ignorance is bliss"). 26. hind (*A Hind Let Loose*). 28. Robinson *rev.* 31. econ (Pol. Econ.). 32. g-lean. 35. pearl *rec.* 37. nan (keen). 39. hovel. 41. (H)ilda. 42. Reno. 45. aver (rave). 46. Ada. 47. undone *rec.* 48. merry-go-rounds.

DOWN.—1. Birmingham. 2. Raingo (Bennett). 3. Athens. 4. Cremona. 5. cod (four meanings). 6. prithee. 7. heroic (*The Heroes*). 8. Avignon (*Sur le pont* etc.). 9. liar. 10. oleaginous. 12. Igor. 13. çan (ada). 15. arc. 21. in. 24. abridg(e)d. 25. trader. 27. d(o)n. 29. inlay. 30. olla. 33. love (that makes the world go round). 34. ever. 36. Prou(st). 38. Ann. 40. err. 42. ano(n). 44. edn (den).

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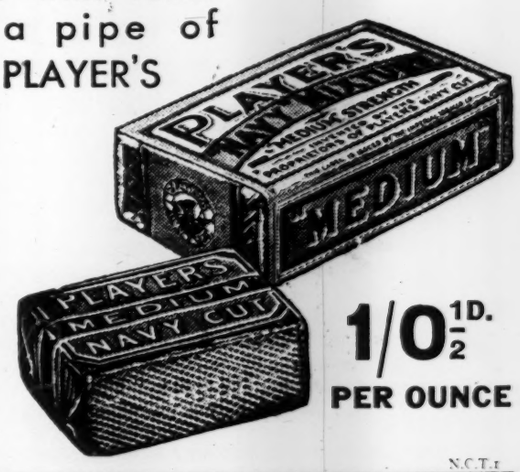

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

A RENTIER TAX AND A FLIGHT FROM STERLING—THE SCARE OF THE BUDGET DEFICIT—A SUGGESTION TO MR. SNOWDEN AND THE CITY.

WE are at last facing the unpleasant facts. Let me explain how the non-political man in the City views the financial situation in the light of the three reports which have brought him face to face with realities—the "dole" report, the Macmillan report and the economy report of the May Committee. He is aware that the sterling exchange is being pegged. For the time being the exchanges are steady—to what extent this relief has been obtained at the expense of drawing upon the £50,000,000 credits opened up in New York and Paris it is impossible to say—but at any moment such a flight from sterling may develop, if the British investor loses his confidence as well as the foreigner, as would make artificial support in the exchange markets useless. At this point you may ask why the City should object to the pound sterling finding its true level in the exchange markets, particularly if that event would encourage the export trades and restrict imports. The return to the gold standard in 1925 on the basis of pre-war parity may have been a terrible mistake, but the Macmillan Committee, which considered the question frankly, decided that a policy of devaluation would cause too much dislocation and would be bad business for a creditor nation. The man in the City undoubtedly agrees with that view and regards devaluation of the pound as a last and most desperate resort.

* * *

It is generally assumed that unless the Budget is balanced the flight from sterling will continue, but it appears probable to those of us who are in touch with the investor that if the Budget is balanced by a further increase in income tax and surtax or by a special tax on fixed-interest securities, the flight from sterling on the part of the British capitalist will develop to an alarming degree. No one denies the principle of "equality of sacrifice," but I find a deep-rooted faith in the City in the principle of "*sauve qui peut.*" The mere talk of an increase in direct taxation, with or without a new tax on fixed-interest securities, has been sufficient to cause a minor slump in British Government stocks—5 per cent. War Loan falling below par if accrued interest is allowed for—and a minor scramble into dollar securities and French *rentes.* It is, of course, monstrous to cut wages and the dole on the ground that the cost of living has fallen if no attempt is to be made to cut the money incomes of the *rentier* classes. Yet if the income tax is increased it will hurt the taxpayers who do not earn enough to save or rank as capitalists, and if the surtax is increased or a special tax is imposed on the income received from fixed-interest securities a headlong flight of capital abroad on the part of the domestic capitalist seems certain. A mere exchange from fixed-interest into variable-dividend securities is not to be expected at this desperate stage of the slump. Clearly, if the special *rentier* taxes are designed to help balance the Budget and restore stability to sterling, the remedy is worse than the disease, for a flight of domestic capital would have a far worse effect upon the exchanges than a flight of foreign capital.

* * *

It may be argued that if considerable economies were made in Government expenditure and only a small increase in direct taxation were imposed, there need be no flight of domestic capital abroad. But those in the City who subscribe to this view generally have in mind a drastic cut in unemployment relief, which is neither cricket nor sound economics. The Budget can, of course, be "balanced" without an increase in direct taxation. Mr. Keynes, for example, would suspend the Sinking Fund, continue to borrow for the Unemployment Fund and impose a Revenue Tariff. By "suspend the Sinking Fund" I presume he means that the contractual sinking funds will continue to be applied—in order to keep faith with the holders of 4 per cent. Funding Loan, 4 per cent. Victory Bonds, 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan and 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan—but that they will be met by further borrowings—an expedient to which the Treasury has often had resort in the past. Of course, Mr. Keynes's scheme "balances" the Budget only on paper. The question is whether this paper balancing—this borrowing to meet a deficit—will cause a flight from sterling on the part of the foreign capitalist and a collapse in the sterling exchanges. Non-political opinion in the City, where I have been able to find it, does not appear to envisage any such catastrophe. *The Financial News* expressed, I believe, the responsible City view when it declared this week: "The part played by the anticipated deficit in the wave of distrust against sterling abroad has been, in reality, comparatively small. It has in some cases been over-estimated by the press in its commendable effort to induce the Government to economise. . . . A deficit affects the stability of an exchange only if there is a likelihood that it may lead to inflation. In the case of Great Britain this is out of the question." In other words the deficit can be met in part by indirect taxation and in part by borrowing without having to resort to the printing press.

* * *

This solution of the Budget problem would be well understood abroad, particularly if the Government were to issue a reasoned statement in support of its policy. After all, the budgets of most civilised countries are showing worse deficits than our own. If the Government gave evidence that it was in earnest in its endeavour to reduce expenditure where it is practicable, the confidence of the foreigner in sterling would return with the restoration of financial equilibrium in Germany. It must not be forgotten that it was the German crisis which precipitated the attack on sterling. There is no doubt that although our position as a creditor country is fundamentally sound, we have been overdoing the business of short-term financing—lending freely to Germany and others the money which America and France have deposited on short-term account in London. These short-term finance operations link the nations together like an Alpine climbing party on a rope. At one end of the "short-term" finance rope is Austria, next comes Germany, then Great Britain, and finally America and France. If the first two fall over the financial precipice there is a terrible strain on the next link. Indeed it is the common view in financial centres on the Continent that if Austria and Germany collapse the pound sterling will collapse, too. It is this spectre which scares the foreigner, not the spectre of a Budget deficit with which the City Editor of *The Times* scarifies his readers every morning. For my part, I believe that if the banking experts can patch up the financial rents in Germany and if Bank rate in London can be lowered—two pretty big assumptions—it is possible for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do a "deal" with the City which may help solve the Budget problem.

* * *

Mr. Snowden, I suggest, should call the chairmen of the banks, the finance houses, the insurance companies, and the rest of the investment institutions to his office and deliver himself to the following effect: "My Budget is in a mess, but I do not want to increase direct taxation or cut the 'dole' if I can possibly avoid it. I will assure you that I will make all the administrative economies I can—I will even throw Grand Opera and the posters of the Empire Marketing Board to the wolves of the Philistines—but I want to make big savings and I can save £20,000,000 a year if you will help to bring about a voluntary conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan. It is suggested by some critics that I 'missed the conversion bus' this year (Chorus: "Yes, in the spring and in June") but with your help we can convert 5 per cent. War Loan even now on to a 4 per cent. basis if the scheme is put forward on patriotic grounds as a great 'national defence' rally. After all, the capitalists should rally to the defence of the capitalist system, and if the *rentier* classes voluntarily agree to reduce their money incomes to keep pace with the fall in the cost of living there is a better chance of amicable wage revisions in our domestic industries. Consider the success which is being made of the voluntary debt conversion scheme in Australia. Yet the Labour Government in Australia was anathema to the banks and the capitalist classes, whereas you, gentlemen, have really a warm corner in your hearts for me as a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of course you bank chairmen will want an understanding with me on the taxation of the capital profits you will realise when 5 per cent. War Loan is repaid at par, but I will not disappoint you in that direction. Now, if all the great institutions you control will support the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan it can be done, and I have only to arrange with the banks in New York for the underwriting of a conversion loan to take care of the foreign holdings. Will you help? The occasion is as serious as it was in August, 1914." The response would, I believe, be unanimous, for it would be their self-interest as well as their duty to support what may be the last attempt at a *voluntary* scheme for a conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan.

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